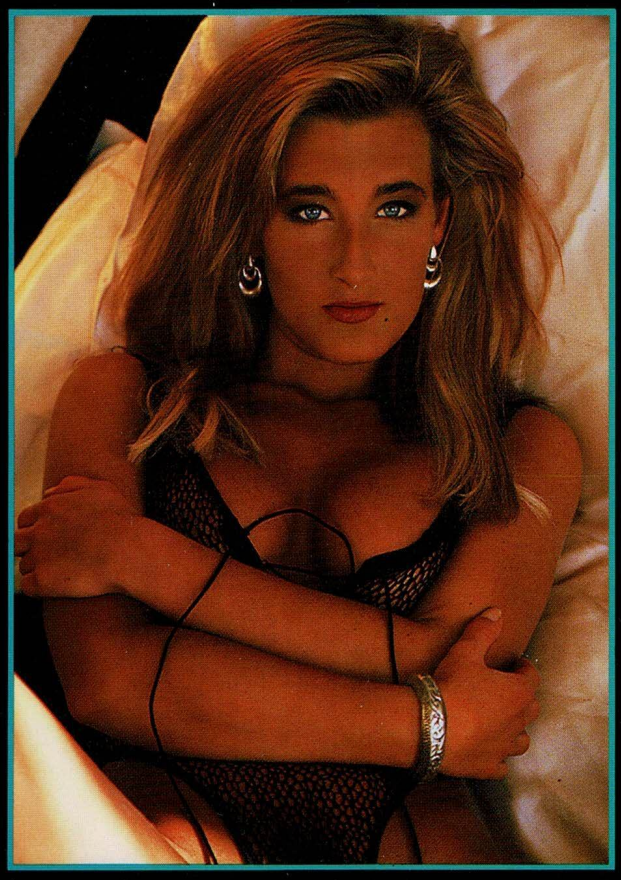
Australian
PENTHOUSE
THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE
JANUARY 1993

BLACK LABEL
EDITION



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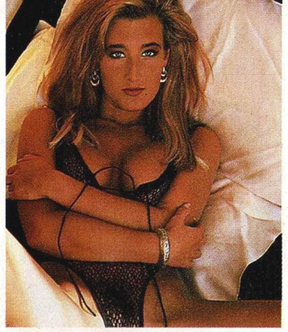

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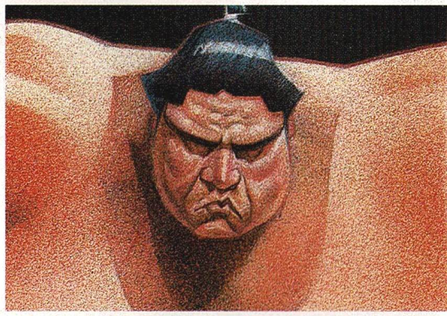
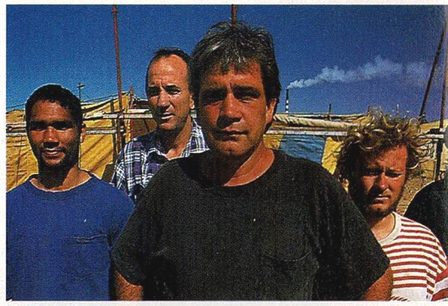


Kickback

Tiger Lillee



Nightlife

Dog

AS LONG AS THERE ARE PEOPLE WHO CAN SPEAK WITHOUT WORDS...

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CHIVAS REGAL.

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JANUARY

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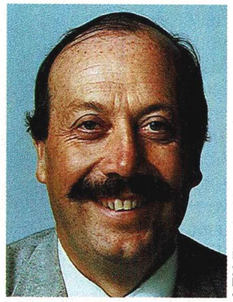
housecall

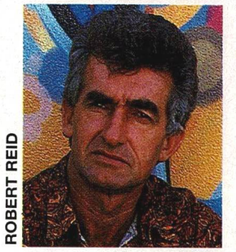
MARK DAPIN

TOE TO TOE
English journalist **Mark Dapin** chose the Mt Isa rodeo weekend for his first foray into the outback, and admitted to a certain culture shock after the experience. "They are men of few words and much action," he said of the natives. Dapin, a Hampshire lad, has lived in Australia for three years. He has written for *The Guardian, Zig Zag, Combat, Sydney Morning Herald, Inside Sport* and *Transitions Abroad* as well as being previously published in *Australian Penthouse*. On page 66 he uncovers Nightlife in a travelling boxing tent, with photos by **Graham Monro**.

TIGER LILLEE
Perth journalist **Len Findlay** came a long way to write this month's story on cricket legend, Dennis K. Lillee. The daily columnist on *The West Australian* started his career 31 years ago as a copy boy on Glasgow's *Daily Record* paper and later moved to the *Daily Express* in Manchester. He admits his interest in cricket only started when he immigrated to Australia in 1982 where he subsequently worked on four metro newspapers before moving to his present position. On page 48 Findlay catches up with Dennis Lillee in India where the bowling hero is even more revered than in his native land. **Rod Taylor** took the photos.



LEN FINDLAY



ROBERT REID

KICKBACK
"In 20 years of journalism I've never worked for a boss," declares dyed-in-the-wool freelancer **Robert Reid.** It's a formula that must have worked for him because it's easier to list the publications he hasn't sold to than the ones he has. From Johannesburg to Stockholm — from London to Miami there are magazines and newspapers carrying his by-line. He even has a book, *Patanela Is Missing*, due for release in April. On page 34 Reid looks into the world of Japanese tourism in Cairns and finds that all is not well. **Mark Sofilas** drew the picture.

ISABEL
Sydney photographer **Bambi** has good credentials for her photo shoot of Pet Of The Month Isabel Monroe. The former Canadian was responsible for hair, make-up and styling when Isabel first appeared in *Penthouse* four years ago. After that shoot, Bambi switched to the camera when she decided she "wanted to push the button." She's been pushing the button ever since, for *Inside Sport, Muscle and Fitness, Australian Women's Forum* and this magazine. Her pictures appear in advertisments, catalogues and calendars and she plans to direct music videos in the future. See Bambi's stunning shots of Isabel on page 39.

BAMBI

ELLE MACPHERSON

AUSTRALIA'S 20 SEXIEST WOMEN
You don't have to be a genius to know that Australia has some of the most spirited, spunky and drop-dead gorgeous women on the planet. On page 22 the editorial staff of *Australian Penthouse* sift through the hundreds of prospects to come up with what we reckon are the 20 sexiest in the land Downunder.

A dialogue between readers and editors concerning the content of Australian Penthouse. Letters for publication should carry name and address, although these will be withheld on request. Send to Feedback, Australian Penthouse, Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

feedback

Hots for Honda

I wish to reply to Peter McKay's article on the Honda Motor Company in the September '92 issue.

Although Peter does his best to illustrate Honda's problems, he fails to compare Honda's products against the opposition. I recently bought a brand new "Mediocrity" Integra. Why? Well you might ask Peter to read *Wheels'* March '92 comparison with the Calibra, Integra, NX-R, and Celica. Guess who wins? Or try a Honda Prelude, compared with Calibra, Celica and the MX6 in *Road & Track*, Feb '92. Guess again. And what about the new Honda CRX verses Capri, MX5, and NX-R in *Wheels*, June '92. Number one again.

Even the prosaic Civic comes second equal behind a much improved Nissan Pulsar in *Motor*, January '92.

Lastly Peter, ask any mechanic which of the imported models he would rather work on and I am sure more than half would prefer the Honda. — *Enzo Bagel, Richardson, ACT*

Suicide note

Just a couple of comments: in the article "Kevorkians Demon" (August '92), Laurence Gonzales falls into the common trap, and says, "Doctors enjoy a monopoly on matters having to do with health."

In fact, the reverse is true. Doctors view patients as a walking bundle of complaints and diseases. Most doctors know very little, if anything, about health. The body often repairs itself in spite of doctors.

I would like to see less ads, less females (three pages rather than five) and more good articles. — *Name and address withheld*

Lady Madonna

On behalf of fellow workers here on the Gold Coast, we would like to express our appreciation of your magazine, especially the June edition. We thought Madonna De Winter (June Pet Of The Month) was a knockout and by far the loveliest model you have had this year. When can we see more of her? Those boobs! That body! Those classical looks! Please give us more of Madonna in the near future. — *B. Neal & M. Smith, Bundall, QLD*

Madonna — a knockout

If you want more of Madonna, you could vote for her as Pet Of The Year. — Ed

Black Label couples

I am writing to you about two topics that previous "feedback" columns have brought up. The first regards the much debated "Couples Pictorials." I understand that the Black Label Edition is X-Rated and as such may publish explicit pictorials. Of course my wish is that such pictorials become more common, but in the last two years only the June 1991 pictorial has provided what both men *and* women are asking for. I understand that it is difficult to find models that are willing to pose for such photos, so I wonder how viable the following two options are: the use of sexually active Australian couples willing to pose, or the use of condoms (important in the pursuit of safe sex) in the pictorials.

I would also like to suggest a survey of your readers' opinions on women's bodies. My suggestion would be for various areas such as necks, breasts & nipples, backs, arms, stomachs, pelvises, bottoms and legs to be presented for appraisal on level of attraction, revulsion and fantasy/fetish values. Maybe this will help in planning future pictorials. — *D.S. Address withheld*

Worth another look

In the August issue of *Penthouse* there was a lovely lady called Sally Worth. She has class, style, alluring eyes and a great body. Even though it is only October, I would like to vote for her as the Pet Of The Year. Can you put her in more features? As they say in the song "I just can't get enough." Thank you for such a great magazine, it makes a cruel world more enjoyable. — *Name and address withheld*

Show Shauna

I have been receiving Black Label *Penthouse* since I was married in 1986 and have enjoyed many good pictorials. Congratulations for turning out a top quality publication. One of my favourite pastimes is looking back over past editions. In December 1990 a young and adorable lady, Shauna Oaks, blessed the pages and she looked edible. Shauna appeared again in December 1991 and now one year older, was in the pages again and still looking like a goddess. I can only hope Shauna will be included in December 1992. It would be a pleasant sight for sore eyes to see how her physique has changed over the past year. — *C.O.L., Brisbane, QLD*

Shauna and Sally will appear in future issues of The Girls Of Penthouse. — Ed

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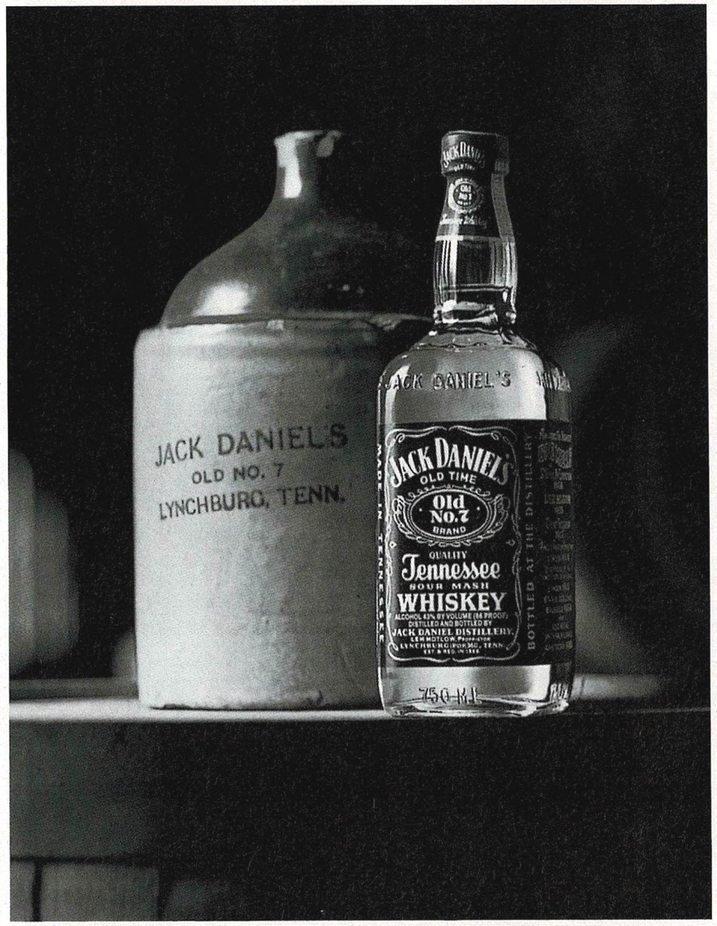

Do you remember where you had your first Jack Daniel's? If so, we hope you'll drop us a line and tell us.

NO ONE KNOWS for certain why Jack Daniel labelled his prize whiskey "No. 7."
Some say it was his lucky number. Others say it was his seventh recipe. One story is that, early on, a young clerk marked a batch of Mr. Jack's whiskey with the number 7 for bookkeeping purposes. Folks started writing to the distillery to order "more of that No. 7 brand."
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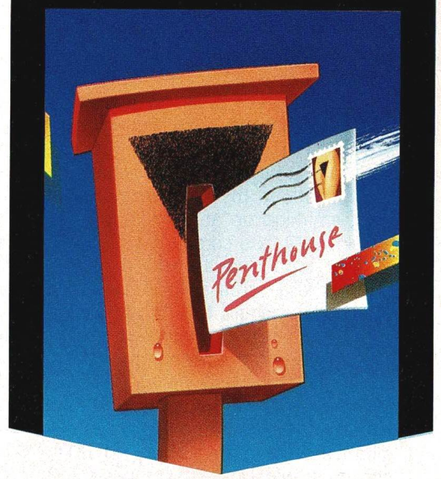

forum

Wicked friends

At first I was baffled, putting pen to paper was harder than I first thought, but here goes my account of what happened the night my wildest dreams came true. It was a Wednesday afternoon and my mate, who is a barman at a local hotel, suggested that I meet him after work for a few beers. I also made a call to a female friend of ours, whom I will call Fifi, to invite her out as well. With no idea that this was to be the most wicked evening of my life, a few beers turned into several and mixed with the good company of my companions, spirits were high. Now is as good a time as any to explain that I am a 22-year-old male with short brown hair and a medium build, my mate is a 26-year-old with long black hair and a smallish to medium build. Fifi has too many good points to mention, I will say that she is 21 and her breasts are as pert and firm as two honeydew melons. Her slim legs compliment her beautifully firm arse and she has a pussy sweeter than anything on earth. It was about 6pm when the suggestion to go to our place was met with a majority yes-vote, so we headed out to the city for what we thought was going to be a very exciting night (what an understatement).

On the way to the city the conversation surprisingly turned to sex. After ten minutes or so of jokes and laughter Fifi suggested that because we were all the best of friends we should have a threesome! Well stone me for lying if my dick wasn't as hard as a diamond drill before she finished the sentence. I must say that the comment also shocked the shit out of my mate. After an in-depth talk we all agreed it would be fun, so we decided to head to my apartment. On the way to my place the cab was filled with silence, once back there we all tried to agree on a way to start proceedings. We finally decided on the flip of a coin to see who would start. I won the toss and my mate left the room so we could begin. As the door shut behind him I could feel the electricity buzzing through my body and I knew she felt it too. I told her to undress slowly. I could watch this goddess do this all day and not get bored, but I slowly started to kiss her ear then moved down to her neck. I then became more intense, passionately French kissing her for several minutes whilst she slowly undressed. I looked down at her erect nipples standing there like small champagne corks. I softly licked, circling them with my tongue sending bolts of lightning through my body. We slowly moved towards my bed and lay down. I covered her entire body with light kisses, slowly worked my way down her stomach and headed toward what I call heaven. I licked the outer lips of her wonderful mound. Her entire body started to twitch and I expertly inserted my tongue, filling my mouth with juices sweeter than an in-season peach. I feverishly licked and sucked her to her first orgasm. I virtually had to be levered from this position so I could give my hungry member a taste of what I was experiencing. As I crept up her body, slithering like a giant snake, my mate entered the room and without being noticed he undressed. Before I knew what was happening Fifi had his cock in her devilish mouth sucking and licking like a kid with a giant lollipop. At that point I knew what I had to do and made preparations to give her the fuck of her entire life. I rested the head of my crimson crowbar against the entrance to her cavern of love. Then inch by stimulating inch, I pushed it in till it was buried deep in her pussy. She started to groan and squirm, by this time the look on my mate's face was enough to tell me that she sucked a demon cock and I longed for her to do the same to me. We quickly swapped positions and continued where the other one left off. This all carried on for some time till my mate started to tire, but not me. This babe was turning me on, she was making me hot. I was hotter than a heat wave in hell. I once again drove my purple Rolls Royce so far into her that I was sure it was going to come out the top of her head. By this time my balls were covered in sex juices, it was also running down the crack of her arse onto the sheets. I could have gone on all night, but that was not to be. She wanted me all over her now, so I increased the pace to flat out and I am sure that the slightest spark would have caused us to burst into flames.

After a short time, my balls started to boil and I knew it was nearly time, so I pulled out my one-eyed piccolo and let fly with what felt like buckets of spunk. It covered her stomach and she massaged it into her tits. We collapsed into a passionate kiss and lay there for a while discussing what had just happened and made agreements to do this again. — *Name and address withheld*

Weekend wonder

I have been married now for three years to a beautiful lady called Lisa. She's a petite vision of beauty with strawberry-blonde hair and the firmest breasts and arse that I have ever had the privilege to enjoy. The rest of her body just oozes with sex appeal.

We were both getting bogged down at work and decided on a getaway weekend to recharge our spark. We had no idea where to go so we finally ended up at a small central coast town outside a rather flash motel. We booked

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forum

in at the reception and were waiting for our receipt, when this gorgeous woman started coming towards us. She turned out to be one of Lisa's school mates. Her name was Lynne and they hadn't seen each other in over ten years. Lynne then invited us both to the motel restaurant, her shout! With an invitation like that I quickly agreed with a huge smile and a huge bulge. Both Lisa and Lynne noticed my little problem and said, smirking up at each other, "We should really take care of that."

That night we all had dinner as planned. Lisa, as usual, looked stunning. She was wearing a tight black, low-cut dress and her underwear was minimal — half-cut bra, suspenders, stockings without panties. Lynne wore a very loose fitting evening dress with a plunging neckline that gave me an occasional glimpse of her firm breasts. My mind and groin were instantly aroused. Lisa kept telling me of the night ahead of us. After our third bottle of wine, Lisa and I went back to our room.

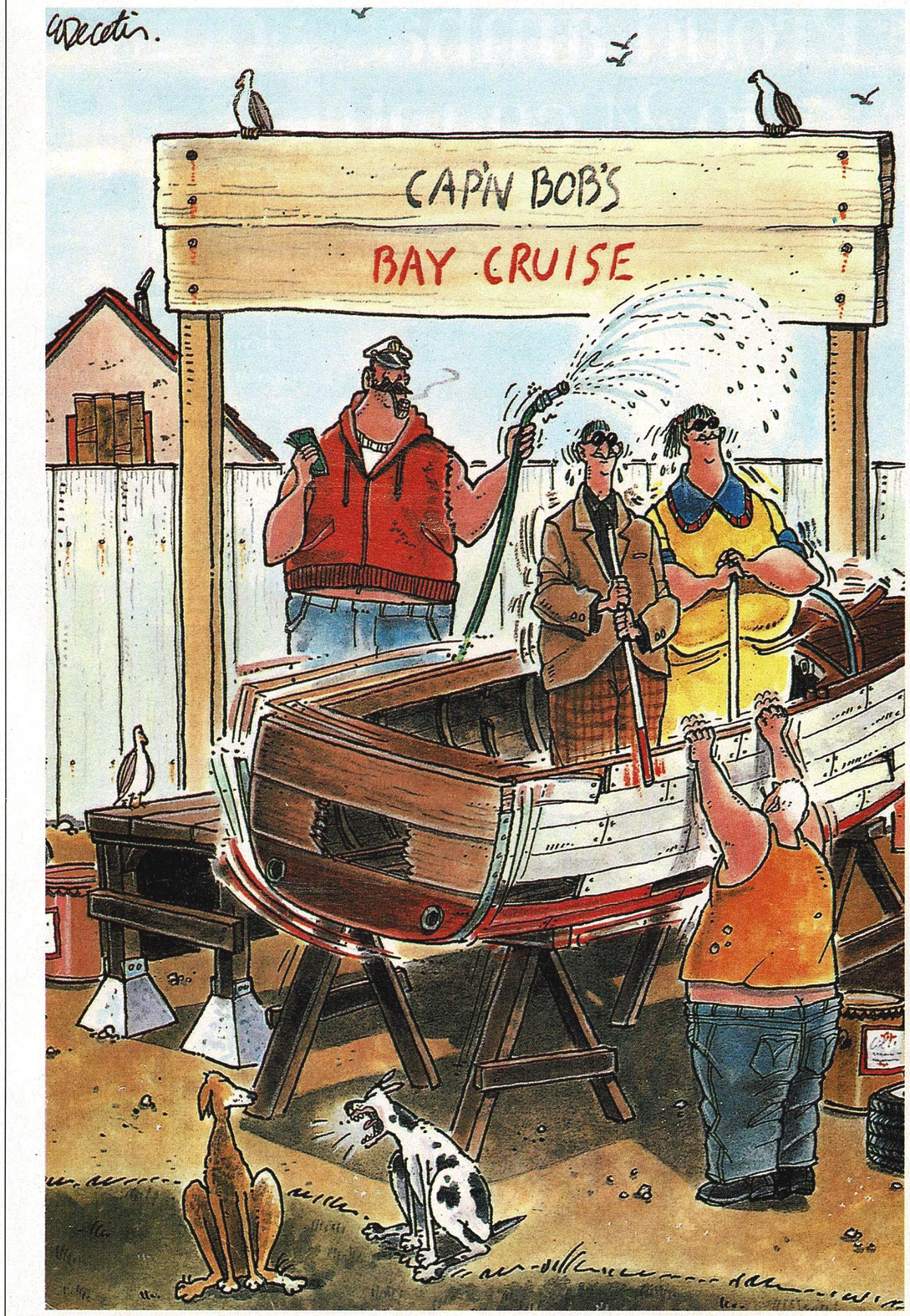
Upon arriving, Lisa wasted no time in throwing me onto the bed, she slowly undressed me and then made me close my eyes. Sensing an erotic tone in her voice, I quickly obliged. No sooner had I done so, I heard and felt the clicking of our handcuffs being placed on my wrists. I was now completely under her control. Here I was in all my glory, with a raging hard-on ready for my love to milk me of my juices.

Just as she was starting her lion-like crawl up the bed, the bedroom door swung open. There in the doorway stood Lynne. Lisa stood and met Lynne halfway across the room. Without saying a word they locked lips and their hands were flowing freely over each other's bodies. Lynne slowly unzipped Lisa's dress and then dropped her own dress to reveal the most incredible set of tits and legs. She wore only stockings, no garters, a G-string and high heels. Their caressing became more feverish as their hands found each other's dripping love tunnels. After ten minutes of this they then turned their attention to me. At last Lisa went straight for my aching cock, while Lynne sat very teasingly on my face. Her snatch was nicely shaven into a fine rectangular patch of hair with her love lips swollen and shining with her dew of anticipation. I began to eat her with all my might, paying special attention to her swollen clit. Within minutes her flat stomach began to flutter and her legs tightened around my head. With a high-pitched scream, she nearly drowned me as she came. Upon regaining her composure she moved off my dripping face. After Lisa finished an amazing head job she slowly began to impale herself on me. Before too long she was in full swing. Lisa has unbelievable control of her pussy muscles, this has devastating results. My loins were already reacting to her specialist work. Lynne had by now positioned herself between my legs and began to lick my balls and all of Lisa's juices that were by now, flowing with ease. This sent us both over the edge, Lisa and I both came in the most violent orgasms we have ever had together. They then both freed me from the bed. That is when I got my own back for the rest of the evening. This was the first of many more recharging weekends for the both of us. — *Name and address withheld*

Neighbourhood watch

My new next-door neighbour's daughter, Julie, is a beautiful young girl of 17 with shoulder-length blonde hair. I had often seen her sunbathing topless in the backyard near the pool, she had the best set of tits imaginable. They were perfectly round, not too big and evenly tanned with the rest of her heavenly body. It was last summer when I was out mowing the lawn when Julie peered over the fence and asked if I would like to join her for a swim in the pool. I turned the mower off and with a trembling voice, I told her I would be a minute. I could feel waves running through my cock as I went inside and slid on my bathers. We swam around for a while. I dared not get out of the water as I had a permanent erection. Julie climbed out of the pool. I felt like my cock was going to explode under the water as I watched her arse move as she walked over and sat on the sunbed. She just sat there with a seductive smile and slipped the straps of her bikini off her shoulders. She stood up and her bikini top fell to the ground. I could feel the stirring in my groin increase as she moved her hand to her bikini bottom, untied the bows and let it slip from her hips to expose her beautiful blonde beaver. She told me that her parents had gone away as usual for the weekend and asked me if I would like to fuck her. I swam to the side of the pool and climbed out. I took her in my arms, her naked body felt great pressed up against my raging erection, rubbing from side to side, almost driving me crazy. The feeling of being wanted by such an attractive young girl drove me out of my mind. We moved over to the sunbed and Julie lay down on her back. I worked my way down her body, smothering her breasts and tummy with the most sensual kisses I could produce. I ripped my togs off, my cock was dripping with pre-come like never before. I positioned

Continued on page 118



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FRONT

SAVING THE SEVENTIES

Retro-chic means getting the good, the bad and the ugly

Illustration by Drahos Zak

Holy Mother of Jesus! Is that television malfunctioning, or did the horse-head of a smiling Richard Nixon just flash into the Modern Man's living room. This is the Nineties for God's sake. What on earth is Big Dick doing pressing flesh and giving interviews on prime time TV? Wasn't this bloke tarred, feathered and run out of town a lifetime ago?

And what the hell is this? Who is this strangely familiar Greek woman with the tranquilised smile and the Joe 90 glasses who's trying to flog records of English songs in bad diction? Can this be Nana? Surely not. Surely we've already paid. Oh no, this has got

"Free love in the Nineties means AIDS tests, condoms, and herpes conversations"

to be a nightmare. It can't be happening. The Seventies are happening again ...

With real nightmares, you get to wake up and laugh at the folly of it all. But this is very real. The Seventies retro-chic movement is upon us. The Modern Man is having the sins of his forebears visited upon him in the form of Richard Nixon, Nana Mouskouri, and any other cultural villain who ever made that decade as derided as it was.

And it's not only Seventies personnel and their television invasions. Go into any pub lately and it's like walking into one extended out-take from *Mod Squad*. There's pretty young things running about in flared candy stripe jeans, skivvies and those strangely-heeled black boots; there's blokes in 1973 hippie hair and side burns talking about Zen Buddhism, the teachings of Don Juan and the Meaning Of Life. Neo-Hippies are bad enough. But things get stranger. Blokes are wearing Old Spice and Brut 33 again — they're getting round in pony tails and waist coats and asking each other about star signs. They're talking to crystals, burning incense and singing ABBA songs while dressed-up as women. *Apocalypse Now* has been re-released, *M*A*S*H* makes its umpteenth return and Seventies pop star Jon English is resurrected in a prime time TV sitcom playing a father. People are paying good money to see *Godspell* and *Hair* and the 1970s singer who sung about cleaning ladies is now playing Jesus Christ to packed houses, while the flared pants-clad disco king from New Zealand plays Judas. Even *The Brady Bunch* has made a comeback as a stage show and disco music is so popular in the clubs that you constantly expect John Travolta to come swirling onto the dance floor in a blur of white fabrics and high-heeled dancing shoes.

Now understand that the Modern Man desk is a Seventies-friendly zone. But if the contemporary bloke is supposed to tolerate all these comebacks from the Derided Decade, for Christ's sake let's make sure we get the

SAVING THE SEVENTIES

Right Stuff. Some of the Seventies garbage crawling out of the Tardis to haunt the happening bloke is enough to make any fashion victim shake in his four-inch glitter pump brogues. But we are tolerant to the point of admitting that the Seventies threw up enough icons for some to be allowed a comeback.

Tolerance in this office extends to the "turn a blind eye" category that can include anything from Barry Gibb gold medallions and fondue parties, to matador pants with sew-on pockets and the nine-and-a-half-minute bootlegged live version of Cream's "The White Room."

Even some totally unforgivable Seventies comebacks are acceptable in the "Lazarus Madness" file with the proviso that, "this is a joke, right?" These can include Skoda cars, leisure suits, Bruce Forsyth and Afro hair (as in Link, as in *Mod Squad*).

There are even icons from the Derided Decade that are so culturally important, so artistically sound, that we demand them returned to their rightful owners. These are precious artifacts such as *Hawaii Five-0*, *Lancelot Link Secret Chimp*, the HQ Monaro GTS and Leed lemonade.

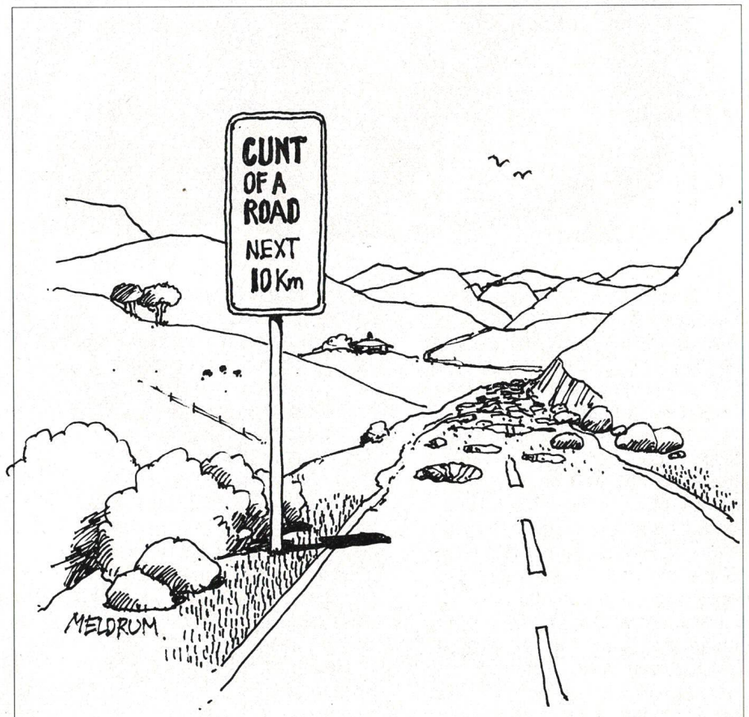
But these are just the superficial aspects of a decade that the retro-chic Hep Cats of today ridiculed only a few years ago. The disappointing thing about all the Seventies comebacks is the fact that so many things didn't make it through the time warp. Simple things like personality and attitude. The Seventies may have been about strange clothes and mad music, but it was also about some seriously crazy people. People like Norm Gunston, Fred Dagg, Joh Bjelke-Petersen, Gough Whitlam, Robert Muldoon and Bob Hudson. You can wear all the flares and pony tails you want, but where are the personalities?

There's also the Seventies attitudes that have failed to resurface with the other fashions. Where's all the Free Love gone? Where is all the tolerance for other folks' lifestyles. Tolerance in the Nineties means you tolerate a different opinion for five seconds before you call someone a "sexist bastard" or a "racist pig" or a "Reagan Thatcherite" or a "boring fart" or a "bludger." If you're lucky, Nineties-style tolerance for fellow humans could extend to "typical banker", "typical lawyer", or "typical Jew."

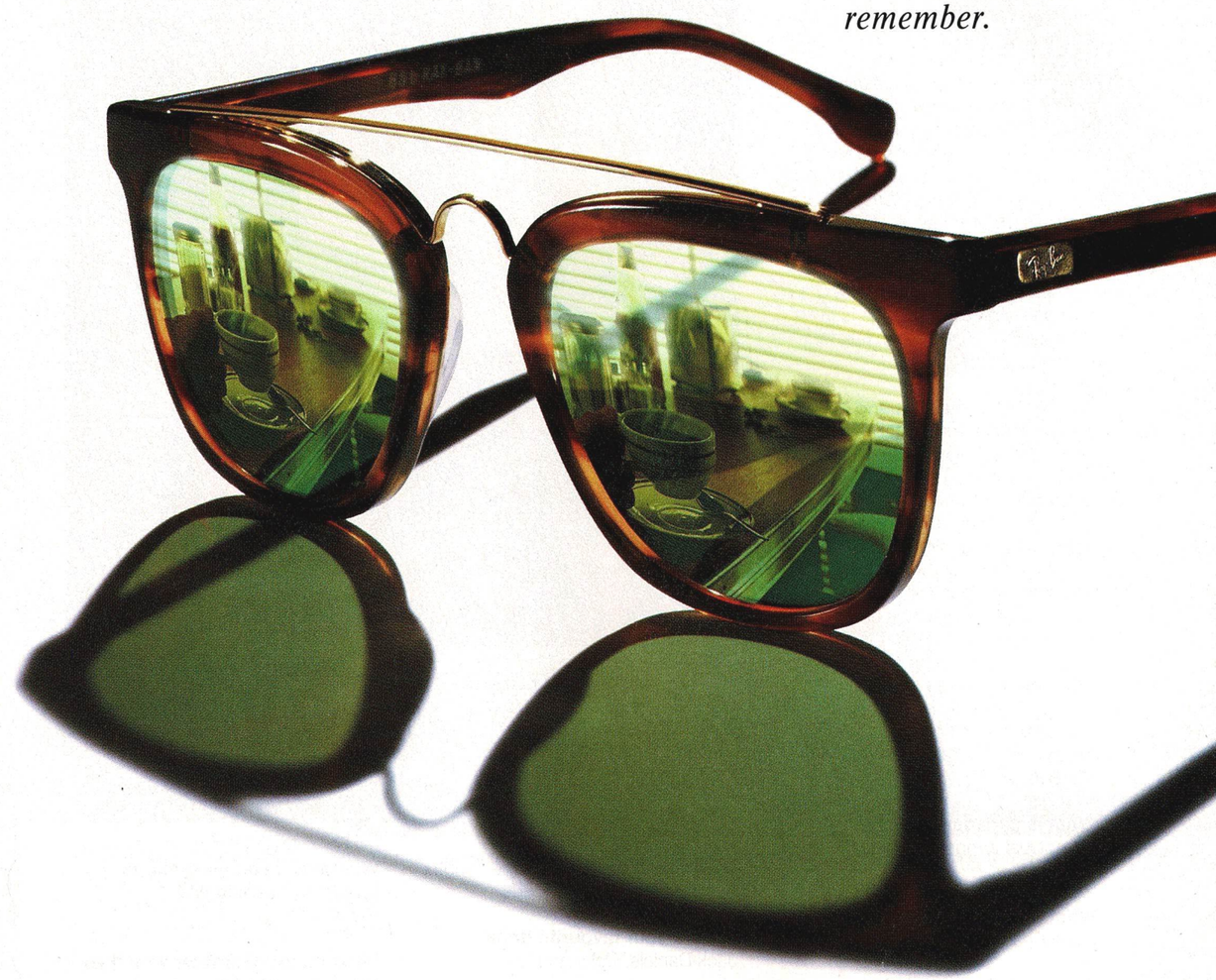
Free Love in the Nineties means AIDS tests, condoms, Hep B certificates and herpes conversations. It means secret bank accounts, incest allegations and private investigators following you for a week and a half at two hundred a day plus expenses. Free love in this decade is expensive and un-loving. Sex is plain complicated and prone to psychological examinations and investigations as to political soundness.

What was called a Barbie Doll in the Seventies is now a medically correct, politically sound way of giving young girls a new body image to worry about, rather than an old one. What was an appreciation of beautiful naked women in the Seventies is now an institution that gets the blame for everything from serial killers and suicide to bulimia and date rape.

Yes, we are tolerant. But if the retro-chic from that Derided Decade continues, the Modern Man demands some quality control. If we have to put up with all these fashion revivals, let's have some of the good stuff as well. We could call it Seventies selections — Richard and Nana need not apply.
— *Mark Abernethy*



Open
blinds, half-
closed eyes
and a night
to try and
remember.



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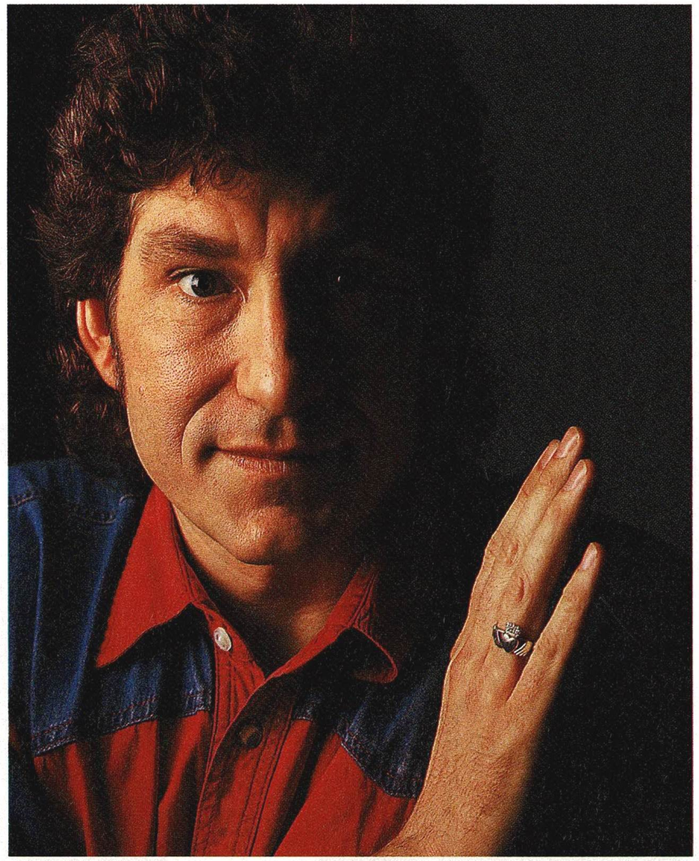

Richard Stubbs, 34, stand-up comic, radio announcer and television host.
Stubbs says: "The idea of sleep has lost all meaning for me." Between his hosting of the Friday edition of *Tonight Live*, and his breakfast show on Melbourne's MMM, this comedian's life is anything but the light-hearted gig he portrays with his humour. He is kept busy with writing the material for *Tonight Live* and the breakfast radio show, as well as countless advertisement voice overs, his regular stand-up routines, newspaper scribblings and being a new dad. Somewhere in his hectic schedule he found time to talk to *Australian Penthouse*.

Where were you born and how does it effect who you are today?
I was born in Brighton Community Hospital, Melbourne during a thunderstorm — it was like "here I am." My mum said this explained my personality in later life.

What do you use for transport?
I've got a Honda Prelude and a 12-speed racing push bike.

What really pisses you off?
Slow drivers in the right hand lane. Can openers for right-handers. The Royals. Bureaucracy. Anything Mechanical.

What is decadence?
It's not just a momentary goal — it's a lifestyle.

What's your favourite saying?
Fuck! Really?

What was the last book you read?
The Devil's Horsemen. It's a history of the Mongols' invasion of eastern Europe. My favourite book is Machiavelli's *The Prince* — it's a must for people who want to work in television.

Who do you admire in your own field?
John Clarke. Graham Kennedy.

What musical recording would you give to your worst enemy?
Racey singing "Lay Your Love On Me" — the extended dance mix.

If they made you Emperor tomorrow, what would you change?
I'd wall-up Canberra and make it a no-go zone. I'd leave all the politicians in there and let the country get on with things.

What's your favourite drink?
Jack Daniels, Coke and ice.

What makes you proud?
A double Jack Daniels, Coke and ice.

Who would you least like to sit next to on a long plane journey?
Senator Gareth Evans.

Are there any vices you want to adopt?
Sloth and avarice.

What do you sing in the shower?
Racey's "Lay Your Love On Me" — the extended dance mix. (I shower alone.)

Do you have any unfulfilled ambitions?
Yes. Elle MacPherson. She's all of them.

Who would you most like to spend an evening with?
Gary Larson.

What movie character would you most like to be?
Benji. He's always the hero, he has adventures and always gets the babe.

What is your worst vice?
Singing in the shower.

What makes you want to throw a stubbie at the TV?
Almost everything John Singelton's ever done, including interviews.

How do you relax?
Double Jack Daniels, Coke and ice.

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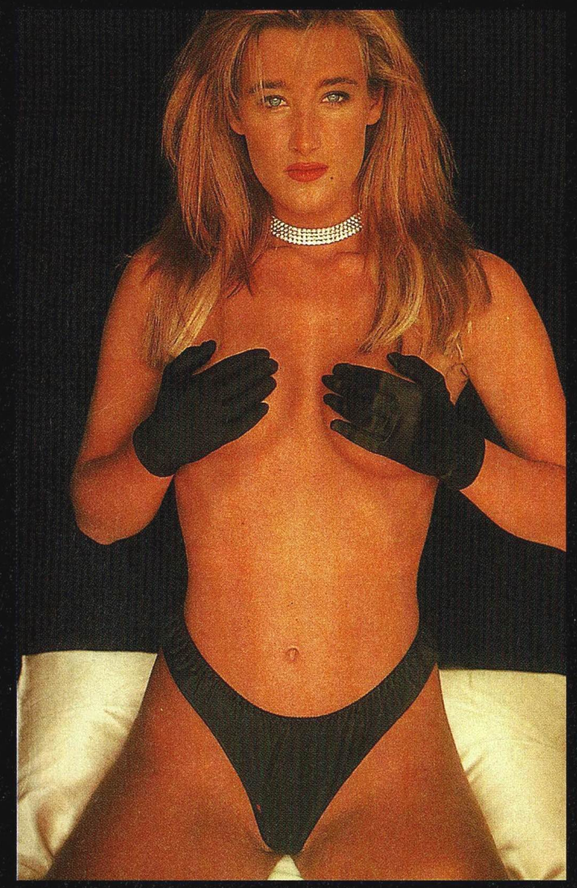

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TROPICAL TIME WARP

Exploring Indonesia by boat is a different trip

The 16th century explorers who followed Vasco Da Gama's road to the Indies blew their minds when they hit Indonesia, discovering a wild, exotic and abundant land.

Those who survived the dangers of shipwrecks, rampant scurvy and returned to their Spanish or Portuguese homelands in boats laden with rare spices — pepper, nutmeg and cloves — also brought back tales of mystery and amazement at the rough paradise of the Far East.

Today, if you want pepper you can reach across the dining table for the grinder. But if you want to put some spice in your life, the Indonesian archipelago — a dramatically diverse 13,000 islands — beckons now, just as it did for the first Western explorers 500 years ago.

Today, you can cruise Java, Bali, Lombok, Sumbawa and many more islands each with their own unique geography and culture, with a little more comfort than the first European sailors.

Sailing charters abound in most tourism-dominated tropical island chains like the Whitsundays and the Bahamas, but the Indonesian experience must be among the most exciting sailing adventures on the planet.

Anne Judith II's skipper, Brett Haysom, has been cruising the Indonesian waters for almost a decade. The *Anne Judith* is a beautifully crafted and maintained 24 metre, gaff-rigged ketch which accommodates 12 passengers on seven day cruises out of Bali's Benoa Harbour.

Haysom specialises in surfing, fishing and diving tours according to the seasons, with April through October being the prime sailing period.

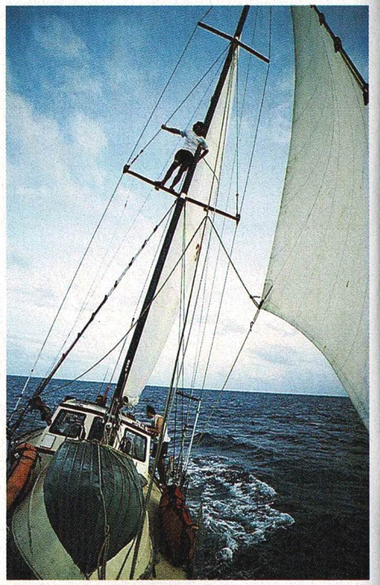
He claims the big attraction for him, apart from the isolated beauty of the island landscape, is the cultural diversity to be found on the various islands.

"I am still taken by the different dialects, customs, food and religions on the islands I visit," he says.

Everyone is familiar with the Elle MacPherson brand of Indonesian holiday — a bland package trip that'll dump you in an expensive tropical tourist trap that could be located anywhere from the Cook Islands to Cancun. If you enjoy reclining beside a chlorinated pool and sucking on exorbitantly priced cocktails surrounded by folk who remind you of your neighbours back home, then do it.

A great deal of the Indonesian tourism industry now caters to this kind of cossetted holiday deal. Not much more than a decade ago Bali only offered the Kuta ghetto; cheap losmens, pub crawls and peasant fare. The speed of the recent development of sophisticated resort complexes on the Bukit peninsular has to be seen to be believed.

With Bali fast becoming overcrowded, resort development is spreading rapidly to other islands. Neighbouring Lombok has been earmarked for a major transformation. The big money from Jarkata will be spent on an international airport and much of the southern Lombok coast has already been sold off to developers with plans to replicate the success of Bali's tourist boom.

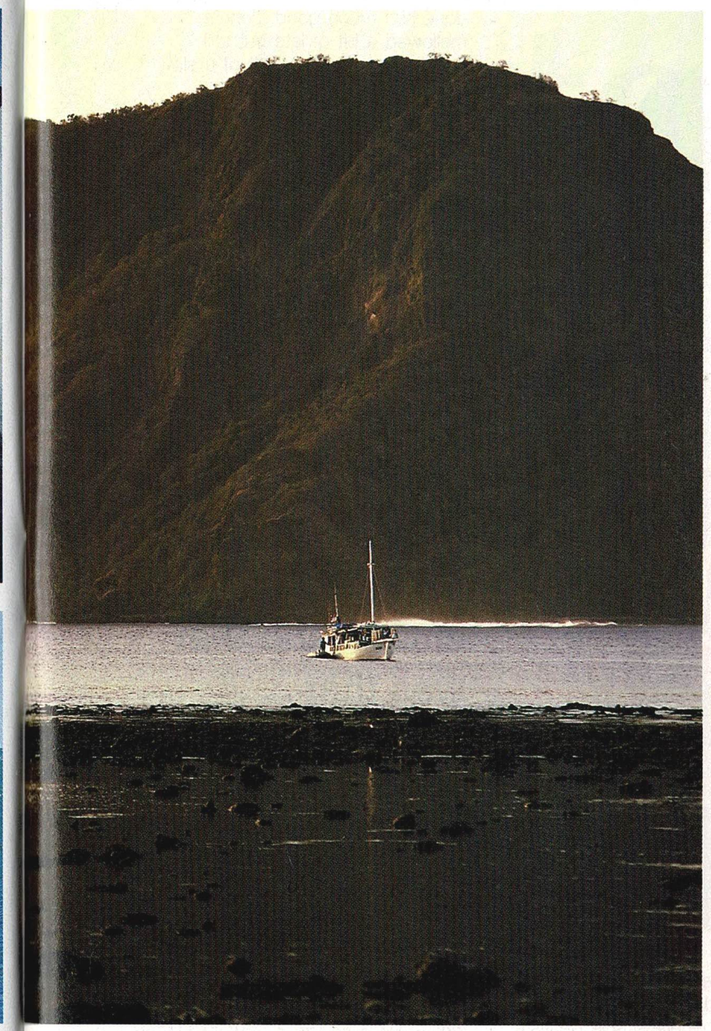


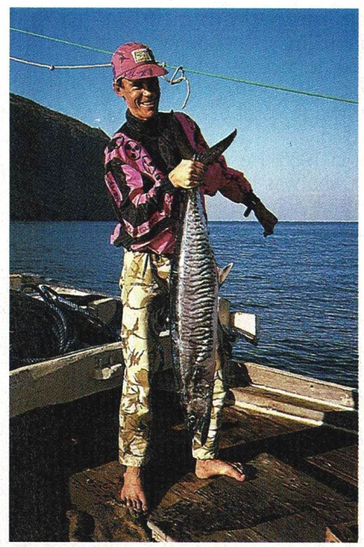
But right now, the southern coast offers some of the most stunning island scenery in the world — pristine white-sand beaches fringed with coconut palm groves which are shadowed by towering hills terraced with dry rice tops.

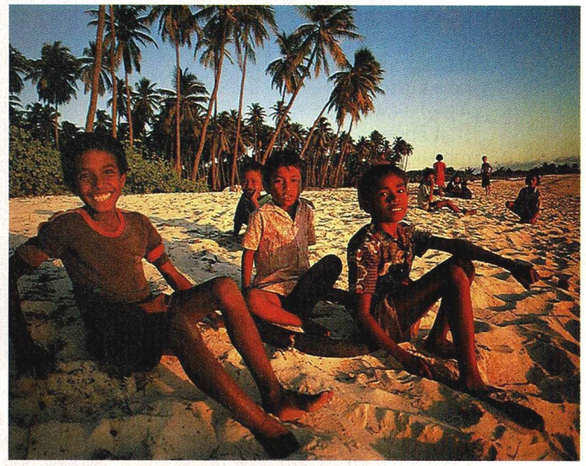
This wild coast, frequently battered by huge swells generated by the Roaring Forties, is indented with a myriad of bays and islands inhabited by peasant villagers whose fragile fishing boats dot the ocean whenever the seas are calm enough to allow them out of their havens.

The Indian ocean here is rich with sealife, making fishing and diving a guaranteed good time, while the surfing potential of this region is still being explored.

A week spent cruising this coast is a challenging and exhilarating experience. To the east of Lombok is Sumbawa, whose twisted, volcanic, moonscaped coast is equally rich in marine life and worthy of exploration. Sumbawa also has surf, with breaks with names like Scar Reef and Supersuck, indicating the hard-core nature of these waves. Further east, Sumba, Flores, Timor and hundred of smaller islands beckon the adventurous sailor.







Photos by Joli

Indonesia is an addictive destination, a tropical time-warp —

"Sumbawa has surf, with break names like Scar Reef and Supersuck . . ."

a step back from the 20th century into a place of strange customs and pure adventure.

Within 24 hours of stepping off your flight from Australia you could be watching a black panther prowl the sand on a deserted, palm-fringed island or battling a 15kg Spanish mackerel, then devouring it while watching the red sun bleed into the horizon behind the awesome vista of Mount Krakatoa at dusk.

You could be dodging whirlpools in the Lombok Strait, getting spat out of the ultimate barrel at Garajagan, feel the warm hand of friendship from the open-eyed children in a rough Sumbawan village and the cold, hard stare of their Muslim elders. You could come face to face with a Dugong, experience a two metre white-tip reef shark dart between your legs while standing waist deep on the outer reef; say no to a second grilled lobster but yes to a sixth glass of Arak.

When you fly home after cruising Indonesia you'll be tanned, healthy, fighting-fit and planning your next trip. — *Mike Kent*

FUTURES SHOCK

The futures game takes all types

Goodness knows why I thought of Tony, but having done so, to think of John was quite logical. For both represent the two sides of the coin of futures trading.

Tony I met in 1980. He was a futures dealer who was less than pleased with what some of the sharks in the industry got up to. Unlike most in the game, he was not content to simply tut-tut, then forget it.

With his assistance, I laid my hands on some interesting computer print-outs. One detailed what is known as a "straddle" trade.

This particular trade appeared to work like this. There was the purchase of large amounts of commodity futures, mostly silver, near the end of the financial year. The names on the accounts, which looked like run-of-business customers, were all losers. While the accounts which looked like house accounts for the broker — Alpex — were in profit.

It appeared that Alpex was robbing its customers blind. As it happens, Alpex and associated companies did end up costing their customers heaps, but that was not what was recorded on the print-outs.

No, these showed a very simple tax dodge. The customer took on futures deals that lost them a heap of money in June of one year; then the next month (in the next financial year) more profitable deals were done, thereby restoring the client's money to him, less of course certain costs.

It was an exercise which may or may not have worked. I was never able to find out, but in the course of time the Tax Office did issue IT Ruling 2228 outlawing such straddles.

Then, a year or two later, I was doing a story on futures trading and this time it's a new lot of scammers. Andrew was one of the Sydney dealers for some mob now gone kerphut. I'd met him a few times and I saw him one night at some "conference" that US trader John Savage was bunging on to

drag in the geeks.

It was held in some flash Sydney hotel where simple dentists and white-shod car dealers think they are protected from the footpads and cutpurses of the streets.

But I also see John there, a quiet sort of a chap whom I've come across at the odd Christmas party. "What are you doing at this festival of fraud, at this conference with the emphasis on con?" I asked him, jovially.

Well, shut my mouth. He just mumbled something, and moved away. A mutual acquaintance told me John had been with some clients and my remarks had not done him much good. John's mellowed a bit of late but still hasn't forgiven me. A bit of a slow learner, I think.

And then there's Andy, ah, what a boy. I was at a beach party some weeks later: one of those Eighties numbers, where the guests included a judge, a radio executive tripping, people who drive Mercedes convertibles and enough low-life to generate a game of two-up. I'm chatting to Andy while the game goes on and I notice the spinner manipulating the coin. So does Andy; then there's a sudden shouting match. While talking to me he had his mate betting on the

"He was pulled up with a bag full of smack and that was that . . ."

game: he'd been dudded and was down ten thousand dollars.

"Alright," Andy shouts finally, "my office on Friday, I'll pay you your tenner!"

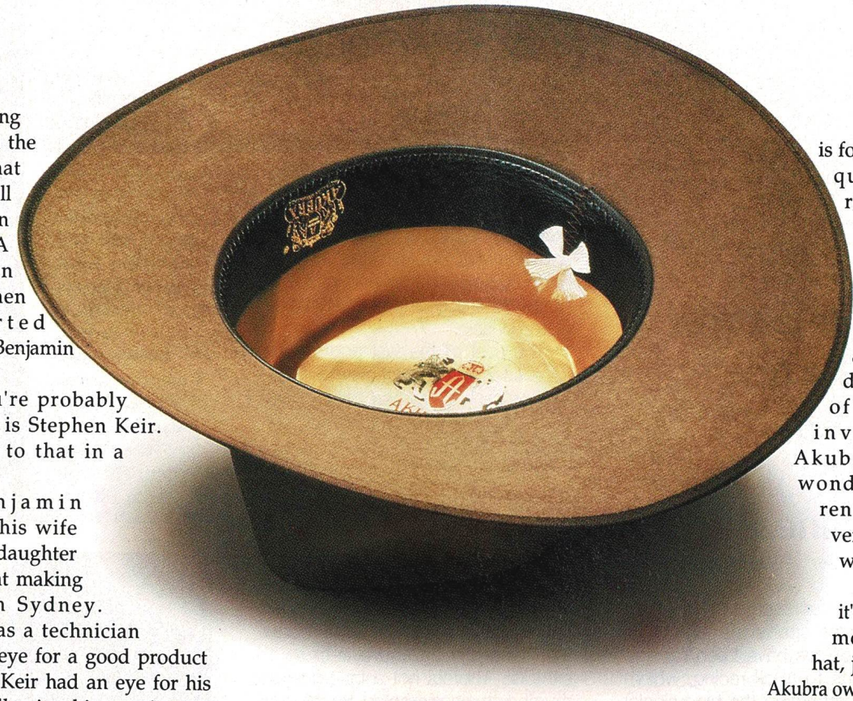
He didn't of course. The next Thursday he shot through with his company's money. A couple of years later he was pulled up going through customs at Athens with a bag full of smack and that was that.

Now I know what prompted my memory. I was passing the Stock Exchange and saw some lunchtime lectures advertised. I saw that John was delivering one of the lectures. Not on futures though; I think he may finally have twigged to that game. A slow learner maybe, but a learner, nevertheless.

As for Tony, he always knew the futures game was too open for the clever greedy to rip off the dumb greedy. He finally gathered his whippy together and bought a pub down the coast from Melbourne. — *David QuickSilver*

Illustration by Steven Bray

The inside story.



Something happened in the year 1904 that turned a small hat factory on its head. A young man called Stephen Keir started working for Benjamin Dunkerley.

You're probably asking who is Stephen Keir. We'll come to that in a minute.

Benjamin Dunkerley, his wife Harriet and daughter Ada ran a hat making business in Sydney. Benjamin was a technician who had an eye for a good product and Stephen Keir had an eye for his daughter. Following his marriage to Ada, Stephen was promoted to General Manager. In 1918 when Benjamin died Stephen steered the Company on to greater things; moving the factory to larger premises, increasing the production and branding the hats 'Akubra'.

This great part of our Australian history was now taking shape.

Large contracts were won for the supply of Slouch hats during both World Wars and in the more peaceful times of the early 50's Akubra obtained the prized licensed manufacturing agreement from Stetson of America.

Stephen Keir I died in 1957, his sons including Stephen Keir II proudly continued the business.

Today the name goes on with Stephen Keir III at the helm and yes, his son Stephen, like all those before him is learning the trade of felt hat making, from the factory floor up. Who knows what new heights he'll reach and what new hats will take shape to join the long list of favourites such as, 'The Down Under' and the 'Snowy River'.

One thing is for certain the quality will remain.

From a tradition like this with real endeavour and the true dedication of everyone involved at Akubra, it's no wonder we are renowned for very fine hats worldwide.

Naturally, it's Australia's most famous hat, just ask any Akubra owner and they are sure to have their own story to tell.

Akubra hats available from leading department stores, hat shops and saddleries nationwide.

B&B 004

WORK HORSES GO RACING

Sports ute racing is hotting up

Bigger than the Grand Canyon in the United States, sports ute racing has hit Australia, where it is already attracting a ready-made cheer squad among the nation's artisans.

Carpenters and plumbers and tilers and farmers are easily identifying with the trailblazing Nissan Navaras, Mazda B-series, Ford Couriers and Holden Rodeos. They're out there smoking tyres and (occasionally) banging fenders in motor sport's hot new category. These machines can tote cargo Monday through Friday and then, with minimal changes, haul arse at Oran Park or Lakeside or Winton on weekends.

"Utes are a giggle to drive, and surprisingly competent as race machines . . ."

Several manufacturers have leapt into the sports ute thing with gusto. The utes have been racing as supports to truck racing, which has been attracting the blue-singlet mob to racetracks in droves. For the likes of Nissan, Ford, Holden and Mazda and others either involved, or contemplating involvement, justification of their commitment is that huge and different market that truck racing attracts. It's a completely different audience from traditional motor sporting crowds.

So, having belted the opposition to win the Tooheys 1000 and the Australian Touring Car Championship, Nissan sought new fields to conquer with the country's first factory-backed sports ute team.

"It was hard for us to resist," reports Nissan's chief flack Brad Leach. "The demographics of truck racing fits the Navara buyer profile perfectly."

Interpretation: the same blue-singlet blokes who watch truck racing are half-a-chance to buy Navaras. "Pick-up buyers want power, and power is what racing is all about," Leach says. "Ute racing emphasises that our Navara is the 2.4-litre performance leader."

Nissan duly signed up a gent named Greg "PeeWee" Siddle, a tall, greying eminence who guided triple-world champ Nelson Piquet into the big-time and bigger money, and managed a successful record at Thunderdome last year.

Integral to Siddle's Gold Motorsport operation in Sydney is guru engine-builder Steve Knott and Warwick Rooklyn, the former Formula Ford champ and past winner of the Sydney-Hobart blue-water classic.

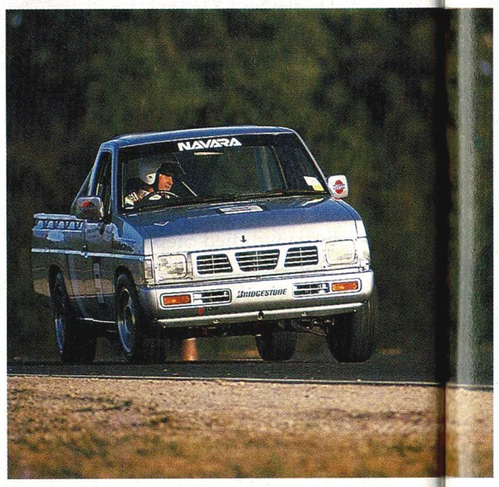
The cast of the fast and furious have specific roles to play: Siddle signs the cheques and takes care of direction and logistics, Knott is responsible for mechanical preparation, and Rooklyn arrives at the race circuit all pumped and smiling and drives the wheels off that sucker.

Engines must be four-cylinder with a capacity of no more than 2.6 litres. Sports ute regulations restrict engine mods to little more than blue-printing and a freer exhaust. There's not a lot of extra mumbo to be extracted from under the bonnet. The production engines are so good from all the Japanese manufacturers these days that even meticulous blue-printing doesn't uncover much more grunt. Most of the development in the utes is in the chassis: the teams have got them turning into corners crisply and getting the power down pretty well.

The suspension can be firmed up with heavier torsion bars and springs and stiffer damping. The teams also have a free choice of brake material.

Really, though, the pick-ups are not far removed from stock and yet they do things on the racetrack that boggle the mind.

Right: The Nissan Navara sports ute mixes it up on the racetrack. Below left: The 2.4-litre work horse powers through a corner. Below right: Celebrity driver Glenn Ridge prepares to put the racing Navara through its paces.



Watching them power through the turns, it's obvious that utes have come a long way in a short time. The functional and austere slugs of a few years ago have been replaced by vehicles with an impressive level of engineering sophistication; these mini-trucks are usually fuel-injected with five-speed gearboxes and have driver comfort and convenience aids like power steering and carpet.

There are two Navaras in the Gold Motorsport team and Siddle has been putting the second machine in some interesting hands. History shows that Australia's first-ever sports ute race, watched by 25,000 people at Oran Park Raceway on July 12, 1992, was won by budding racer Glenn Ridge, better known as the compere of television's *Sale of the Century*.

Guesting in the second of Nissan's Navaras, Ridge saw off some more experienced warriors and finished the day with the lap record.

Ridge's only previous track experience came in celebrity events at the Adelaide Grand Prix and the Gold Coast Indy.

"The Navara was a bit of an eye opener," says Ridge. "I was surprised it had as much poke as it has. It's not that sluggish old ute thing I imagined.

"It had sufficient power to get me into, and out of, trouble. It keeps you on your toes."

Ridge had one almighty spin at Oran Park after holding his braking too long into a corner. "It's a bit light in the tail but quite controllable provided the driver brakes in a straight line."

Does Ridge have a hankering to do more sports ute racing? Is Jo Bailey a good sort?

Sydney motoring journalist Wayne

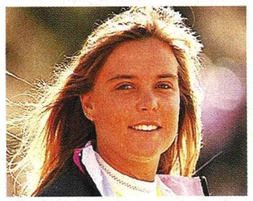
Continued on page 128

AUSTRALIA'S 20 SEXIEST WOMAN

Seems like every time you open a magazine or newspaper there's a beautiful woman staring out of the page at you. But why are they so often Europeans and Americans? Here at *Australian Penthouse* we reckoned it was about time we showcased some of the sexiest women from this part of the world. We had problems; not finding 20 sexy women, but weeding out the hundreds who could have quite easily made the 20. We were looking for women who are not only good looking, but interesting, successful and soulful to boot — and we think we found them, Australia's 20 Sexiest Women.

Sophie Lee
We wish you'd practise what you preach.

Renee Brack
Our Copy is really, really Hard.

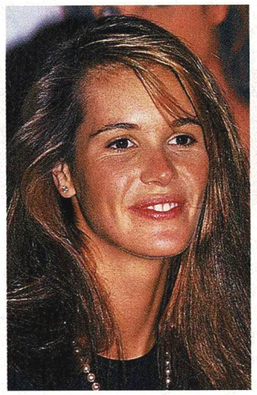


Wendy Botha
Tubular dude! You can "drop in" on us anytime.

Fiona Coote
You've stolen our heart. So give it back.

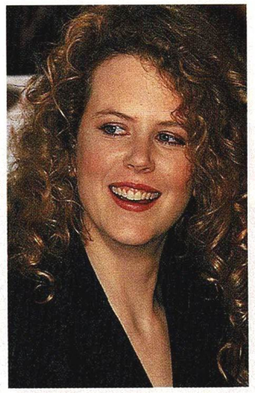
Anita Keating
Unfortunately you've got the husband we had to have.

Jana Wendt
Who could say 'no' to a current affair?



Elle MacPherson
Let us turn "Body" language into penetrating conversation.

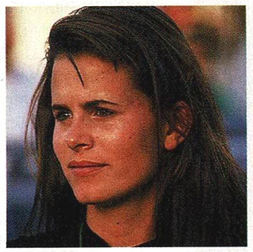
Ita Buttrose
We hear you give good headlines.



Nicole Kidman
We'd all like to launch a Cruise missile.

Lisa Curry-Kenny
What makes an ironman hard?

Kylie Minogue
We should be so lucky to do the Locomotion with you!



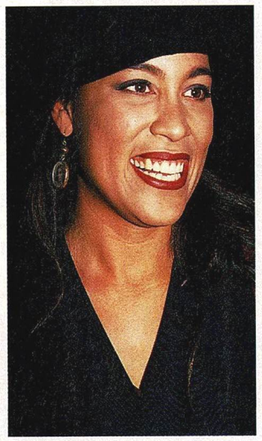
Jo Bailey
We'd sail for a century just to see your selling points

Helen Wellings
If we had a dodgy bed would you investigate it?

Chrissie Amphlett
When we think about you we touch ourselves.

Jenny Morris
The woman's got to be loved!

Greta Scacchi
That wicked smile makes it very difficult to Presume Innocence.



Kate Ceberano
We'd like to know this Superstar in the Biblical sense.

Mary Kostakidis
Just say Gorbachev one more time.

Lee Lin-Chin
If Mary says Bosnia, would you Herzegevonia?

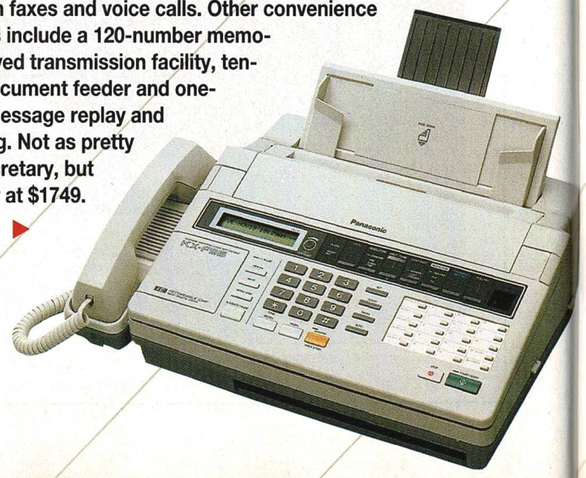
Jacki Weaver
It's a pity you're Hinched, but that's life!

FRONT

Okay, so you're no photographer, but you don't particularly want to look a wally using one of those little snap-shooters. Olympus has provided the ideal compromise in the futuristic shape of the IS-2000. It's actually an SLR (ie a *serious* camera), but it's an all-in-one package so there's nothing to numb the brain. The lens is a 35-135mm power zoom which focuses automatically. Exposure is based on a dual zone meter with programmed setting which means there's not much that fools it. Dual built-in flash units pack a fair old punch and the film transport is motorised from go to whoa. For the more adventurous, there are plenty of creative features such as a double-exposure mode and slow-speed flash. R Gunz (Photographic) will be happy to tell you more.

Size doesn't matter any more — at least not in the world of audio equipment where mini component systems are becoming better featured. Akai's MX-series systems all boast triple CD players, dual cassette decks, AM/FM tuners with 30 station presets and full remote control. Top-of-the range MX-750 has 70 watts-per-channel on tap, a digital sound processor (for simulating the acoustics of different venues), three-way ported loudspeakers (ie heaps of bass) and provisions for surround sound. The bottom line is $1599, but for those on tighter budgets there's the $1299 MX-650 and $999 MX-550 which have less power, but most of the goodies listed above.

No socialite is complete without Panasonic's KX-F95BA which is a combined fax machine, telephone, answering-machine and copier. All it requires is a telephone connection and a power point to ensure no calls or messages are ever missed. A tone remote control allows messages to be retrieved at any time and when in receive mode, the KX-F95BA switches automatically between faxes and voice calls. Other convenience features include a 120-number memory, delayed transmission facility, ten-page document feeder and one-touch message replay and resetting. Not as pretty as a secretary, but cheaper at $1749.



It's here now and you can buy one if you have a spare $12,000. The recordable compact disc is now reality and this Micromega machine is one of the first CD recorders available. It's no bigger than a conventional CD player and plays back normal discs, but it can also record on special CD-R types using a laser head to essentially burn "holes" in a gold reflective surface. On replay, these holes represent the on/off signals that are the basis of digital music. A standard diameter CD-R disc has sufficient space for 74 minutes of digital sound (the Micromega will also record on CD-singles) and if space remains, more tracks can be added later.

However, the discs cannot be erased and re-recorded. D.W. Productions (NSW) can tell you more about the ultimate recording deck.

Cameras and water traditionally don't mix, but Nikon's AW35 doesn't mind a quick shower or a splash in the surf. Fully sealed against the intrusion of both moisture and dust, the AW35 offers fully automatic operation including flash. The lens is a 35mm f3.5 which autofocuses down to 65cm and is protected by a glass filter. Useful features include a red-eye reduction which prevents your subjects looking like escapees from a Stephen King movie. All film functions are handled automatically, including the setting of ISO speeds, and there's a self-timer for a little self-exposure. Around $320 from Maxwell Optical Industries.

Ride the radio waves in style with NAD's 705 stereo receiver which also offers 40 watts-per-channel power. It can be connected to two pairs of speakers and has inputs for two tape decks, CD player, separate tuner, video deck and a turntable (remember those?). When recording from one of these sources, a monitor circuit allows easy checking of levels and tracks. The 705 is fully remote controlled with auto AM and FM tuning and push-button station presets. Tone and balance controls plus a loudness button complete the things to twiddle or push. Expect to pay around $700 and Falk Electrosound will be happy to point you in the direction of a stockist.

A double decker of a different sort from Kenwood. The KX-W8040 has dual auto-reverse cassette transports which provide continuous recording and playback. Additionally, simultaneous parallel recording is also possible using the dual decks and the KX-W8040 synchronises with Kenwood CD players to make copying a breeze (for private use only, of course). Performance features include Dolby HX Pro bias adjustment and both Dolby B and C noise reduction, automatic signal level control and a variety of track search modes. It's yours for $649 from Kenwood stockists.

MUSIC BOX

The CD age means an upsurge in "Best Ofs"

Possibly the biggest accolade that can be afforded an artist in this CD age is the "Best Of" compilation. Tracks are often remixed or at least digitally remastered.

The **Hoodoo Gurus** can pause to reflect and celebrate ten years in the public eye with the double CD *Electric Soup* backed with *Gorilla Biscuits* (BMG). The Gurus have never been techno orientated. The most sophisticated piece of electronic musical equipment head guru Dave Faulkner bothered himself with until recently being a guitar amp. Musical innovation was never a strong point either, with their biggest change being in their formative days when they replaced one of their guitarists with a bass player (shock, horror). What they have always possessed is a literate wit, a sense of rock and roll party and, on the strength of *Soup* (the singles collection), an ability to make these elements combine to work for an audience and even radio programmers! Paraded are their singles from the 1982 "Leilani" to tracks off their 1991 disc *Kinky* like the acid guitar pop of "Miss Freelove '69." *Gorilla Biscuits* represents the non-album tracks (like the Johnny Devlin 60s relic "Stomp The Tumbarumba"). Also included are rarities like a live "Who Do You Love"(1983).

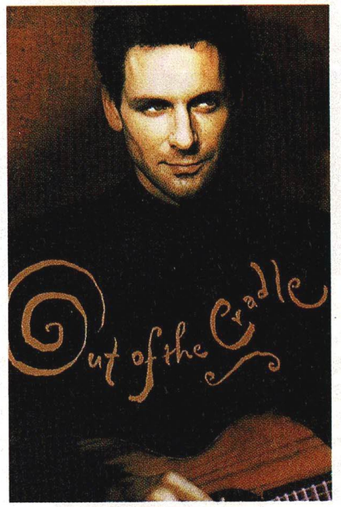
Some compilations are destined for an ephemeral life span like the *Floored Genius* (PolyGram) of Julian Cope and the Teardrop Explodes whilst others like *Elton John's Greatest Hits* outlive current releases by that artist and vie for multi-platinum status.

Bob Marley has also been suitably celebrated in *Songs Of Freedom* (Tuff Gong) - 78 tracks on four CDs boxed with voluminous notes. Two of the most important releases in the last year have been James Brown's *Star Time* and the more recent *Elvis, The King Of Rock and Roll; The Complete 50s Masters* (RCA). In both cases the producers have gone back to the source material and remastered and re-released virtually everything from what are arguably the classic periods in those singers' performing lives. In the case of the five CD box set of early **Elvis**, this is a real *tour de force*. The 170 tracks include "My Happiness", the song that an 18-year-old Elvis paid to record at Sam Phillips' Sun Studio in the summer of 1953, a year before his official recording career kicked off. The collection closes with Presley's parting press conference before he left for Germany at the end of 1958, conscripted into the US army. It really spelt the end of the time in his life when he was able to turn the pop music world on its ear with his own interpretations of black R'n'B.

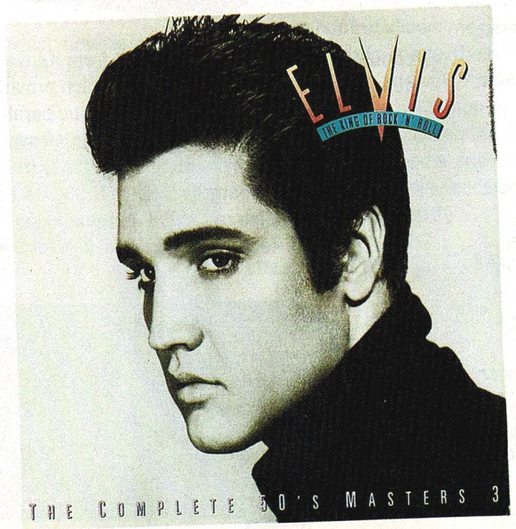
Probably one of the biggest selling albums of the late 70s was Fleetwood Mac's *Rumours (*1977). It was Fleetwood Mac singer/guitarist/songwriter **Lindsey Buckingham** who managed two albums under his own banner whilst still part of the Fleetwood co-operative monolith, but it's been nearly five years since he hung up his Mac for good. *Out Of The Cradle* (Mercury) of his home studio he has now fashioned an album that is stylistically broad and pays homage to his own roots and prowess on the guitar. He cites Fleetwood Mac's *Tusk*, the jumbled sequel to *Rumours*, as being in many ways his first solo effort. He became the saviour and co-producer of that year-long studio occupation when the band was enjoying/enduring the often artificially induced euphoria of a major success and struggling with the follow up album. On *Tusk* Buckingham showed he had at least an ear for what other parts of the world were busying themselves with — namely punk and the "new wave" music of bands like Talking Heads. On the new disc, Buckingham sounds focused and very much in control of his multi-layered soundscape. Some songs like "Countdown" would have sat comfortably in the Fleetwood repertoire.

He was also looking back to the inspiration of tin-pan alley — the mainspring for writers and performers like Harry Connick and Natalie Cole — on a track like "Soul Drifter" which follows very much the course of the chestnut "Moon River." The moody "Street Of Dreams" is Buckingham in a Billy Holiday state of mind. Buckingham has utilised a broad canvas here from hard-edged pop to instrumental snippets of "South Pacific" but ties it all together with a sense of very personal soul searching exploration.

— Jeremy Cook



Left: Lindsey Buckingham flexes his music muscle with an album filled with diverse sounds.
Below: The King is back. Elvis has been digitally remastered with a five CD box set of his early work.



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LYNCH MOB

Twin Peaks fails to score at the movies

The name David Lynch is synonymous with critical acclaim in the film world. *Eraserhead*, *Blue Velvet* and *Wild At Heart* are just three of his films which premiered to considerable applause.

Lynch's talents then turned to television, and some have said he changed the face of television with his much talked about TV series *Twin Peaks*.

But Lynch will no doubt be exchanging his now trademark cherry pie for some of the cinema world's humble pie now that his "stranger than soap" soap has made the transition to the silver screen in **Twin Peaks: Fire Walk With Me**.

A visual feast, like its television parent, the film tells the slowly exhausting story of prom queen and all-round good-girl Laura Palmer who washed up on a lonely beach "wraaaaped in plaaastic" setting in motion one of television's most asked questions.

Who did kill Laura Palmer?

Well, this movie leaves you in little doubt. The story runs along a similar line to the bestselling tome *The Secret Diary Of Laura Palmer* — penned by Lynch's daughter Jennifer — with emphasis on the last six days of her life.

The movie breaks down because of its unfamiliar cast — Sherilyn Fenn and Lara Flynn Boyle are just two of many *Twin Peaks* stars that have not made the transition to the silver screen and the reduction of Kyle MacLachlan's role as FBI agent Dale Cooper ("Diane, it's 7.15am and I'm having a cup of damn fine coffee") to a near-cameo.

A strong performance from Ray Wise as Laura's father, Leland Palmer, the man who is eventually, and I'm sure I won't be revealing any secrets by saying this, driven to killing his daughter, saves the day, and the film.

Left: Bruce Willis and Meryl Streep together in the comedy *Death Becomes Her*. Below: Wayne Szalinki enlarges his problems in the sequel *Honey, I Blew Up The kids.*

The movie's final scene — Laura's death — which two years ago set the scene for the opening of the compelling TV series is a trifle strong and reeks of David Lynch's trademark for taking the viewer to the cutting edge of good taste. Unfortunately, this time, he might have gone just a little too far. ***1/2**

Goldie Hawn is her effusive and side-splitting old self in the gothic farce **Death Becomes Her**.

Joined by Meryl Streep and Bruce Willis, this comic triumvirate have struck a winning chord for director Bob Zemeckis.

The story opens with the discovery of a magic potion whose drinkers live forever. Streep's character is an ageing actress who steals the fiance (Willis) of her best friend (Hawn) and marries him.

Feeling abandoned and alone, Hawn's character transforms from a seductress and vamp to a lonely blimp — she begins binge eating and balloons from her trim 52kg to a monstrous 113kg.

Devilishly hilarious. ***

Just three years after inadvertently shrinking and unshrinking his children with an electro-magnetic particle beam, eccentric scientist Wayne Szalinksi is still struggling for respect. And in a hardly surprising twist of irony, **Honey, I Blew Up The Kids**, the not very original sequel to *Honey, I Shrunk The Kids* will probably be doing the same.

It's a couple of years after the last mind-bogglingly silly adventure and the Szalinksi clan have moved to an upscale Nevada suburb and started working on a bigger and bolder experiment — an enlargement ray.

Enter the latest addition to the Szalinksi family, Adam, a two-and-a-half-year-old infant child with a precocious propensity for walking into the focus point of his father's enlargement rays.

The story is played in a very flighty way. It jumps and leaps from event to event but the humour is laughable (as in good) and the acting and effects are up to scratch.

Lloyd Bridges, Robert Oliveri and John Shea complete the principal players in this triflingly offbeat flick likely to leave you with — depending on your mood — a smile or a grimace.

****1/2** — *Ford Buchanan*

Our readers are generally house-proud so it was not unexpected when we received requests to produce a quality binder in which copies of Australian Penthouse could be kept.

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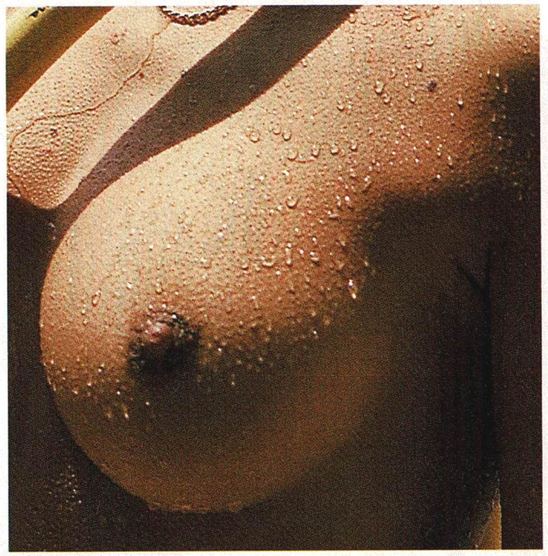


A gay question

The other day my co-worker and I had an argument over the definition of "gay." I think it can refer to both sexes, while my co-worker believes it just refers to men.

The Macquarie Dictionary *says the word "gay" refers to a homosexual person. Since a homosexual is a person who has sex with another person of the same gender, we would have to give the argument to you.*

Wanking angst

I am a 22-year-old male. My problem is that I used to masturbate very vigorously as a teenager. As a result, the head of my circumcised penis has many little lines and wrinkles on it. I regret the way it looks and I was wondering if there was anything you could advise me to do, to try to smooth out the wrinkles or make them disappear. If not, do you think this will disadvantage me sexually by putting women off?

It's hard to understand what your problem really is. Most men have lines and wrinkles of some sort on their penises. It seems to be a fact of male life. If you want to make the wrinkles disappear then try putting your penis someplace where you can't see it — we leave this to your imagination.

No virgin

My girlfriend is in her early twenties and has had only one sex partner before me. She was with him for about four years and I am wondering whether she would have stretch marks at the bottom of her hole from sleeping with him. I am getting really serious with her — she's good looking, smart and we have really in-depth conversations, but I am holding back my feelings because she's not a virgin. If I looked at her cunt when she was a virgin and now, would there be a big difference? It looks like there is a lip on the bottom rim which wrinkles in. Is this normal? What effect does repeated sex have on her skin and tissue? We have talked and fought at great lengths over this and consulted books, etc. I am in my late twenties and have had a few girlfriends and some stray sex, but I feel it is okay as my dick doesn't stretch or scar. I feel that I'm getting ripped off by getting a second-hand pussy. She has agreed to go to a sex therapist about it, but how do you find addresses, etc for them? Could you refer some?

No, I won't refer your girlfriend to a sex therapist. If anyone has the problem, it's you pal. And your problem is not with your girlfriend — it's with your own attitude. You say you're in your late twenties and that you have had many other girlfriends and casual sex. If we are to believe your background then you have somehow repressed your feelings about "second-hand pussy" all these years. Either that, or every other woman you have had sex with has been a virgin. Believe it or not, the female's vagina is designed to lubricate itself and stretch to allow a baby to pass through the cervix, the uterus and then the labia lips. With some exercises and the passage of time, the new mother's vaginal muscle tone will return almost to normal. Given this female ability for childbirth, your girlfriend's former boyfriend must have quite a log hanging between his knees to cause her labia to stretch irreversibly. The simple answer is that unless your girlfriend has some strange medical condition, your fears about her stretched vagina are quite unfounded. So why not leave her alone and quit all this talk about "getting ripped off by a second-hand pussy?" Besides, you never know what complaints she may have about your cock. Think about it.

More wanking

I am 25-years-old and have a very high sex drive. I need to masturbate at least twice a day. If I am driving and see a girl walking along in a short skirt or a revealing pair of shorts, I will double back and park somewhere where I can watch her and have a wank and reach orgasm. Often, I will go anywhere that there might be girls playing sports or sitting by a swimming pool, just so I can have a wank. I am not currently in a sexual relationship, but even when I am, I still drive around wanking. Is there any reason for this or am I just an over-horny, girl-crazy male? Please advise.

Yep, it sounds like you're just an over-horny, girl-crazy male. Or maybe you just like masturbating. But what's wrong with that? From the tone of the letter, it seems you don't try to offend or harm people, so your hobby is probably quite legitimate. Medical opinion indicates that wanking is a harmless activity with the only negative effect being that it makes your penis sore and can fatigue a bloke somewhat. The habit of wanking in your car may be illegal. In most States, the road code says you must keep both *hands free to operate your vehicle, which is why you have to belt-up before driving and only use hands-free mobile phones.*

Small problem

I am 18-years-old and have a small problem with my penis. When erect it is only 11cm long and 12cm thick. When I have sex I feel paranoid about its size. Is this size normal for my age? It has been this size since I was 16. Is there anything I can do about it?

So, you've got a dick like a beer can. Well there's not much you can do about it except to bear something in mind. Women come in as many shapes and sizes as blokes. Some like long, skinny cocks and others feel more comfortable with short, thick ones. Your only problem is finding a compatible lover — a square hole for a square peg. Happy hunting.

And more wanking

I am 18-years-old and have not yet experienced the pleasures of a sexual relationship. For three years I have masturbated and when I was younger, quite harshly. This, I believe has caused the small white spots resembling blisters on the ring between the length of the penis and the head. I have not had my foreskin removed.' I am scared of what a girl might say or think in a sexual encounter. I have had this problem for approximately two years and I feel I have reached a dead end. There is no-one I can talk to and I would be most grateful if you could tell me what I could use to be rid of this problem. I read your article often and will anxiously await a reply.

How many times do we have to say this before somebody listens: SEE A DOCTOR! If you're a virgin and you've got blisters on your penis, then there is just about no chance that you have a sexually transmitted disease. What you probably have is some kind of reaction to what you admit is a harsh style of masturbation. Ever wonder why they call it "self-abuse"? Let's face it, the penis is a sensitive old fella that's designed to operate in warm, wet environs. If you have these blisters why not try some sort of lubrication when you wank? You could try K-Y gel or Wetstuff, but if pain persists ...

Too much fun

I love women. I also love beer and recreational drugs. I also adore pornography, when the real thing isn't about. I also enjoy going out after babes with my friends. You say what's your problem? Well, I simply can't get enough. And it's beginning to ruin my life. Yesterday I took my third day off work in a row so I could stay home and watch porn movies with this girl who really enjoys getting bent and fucking in front of the TV. Then last week I met this sheila in the city and we went drinking for two days solid. Nearly every day I'm drinking, fucking or taking drugs. The trouble is, I think all this fun is killing me and ruining my professional life.

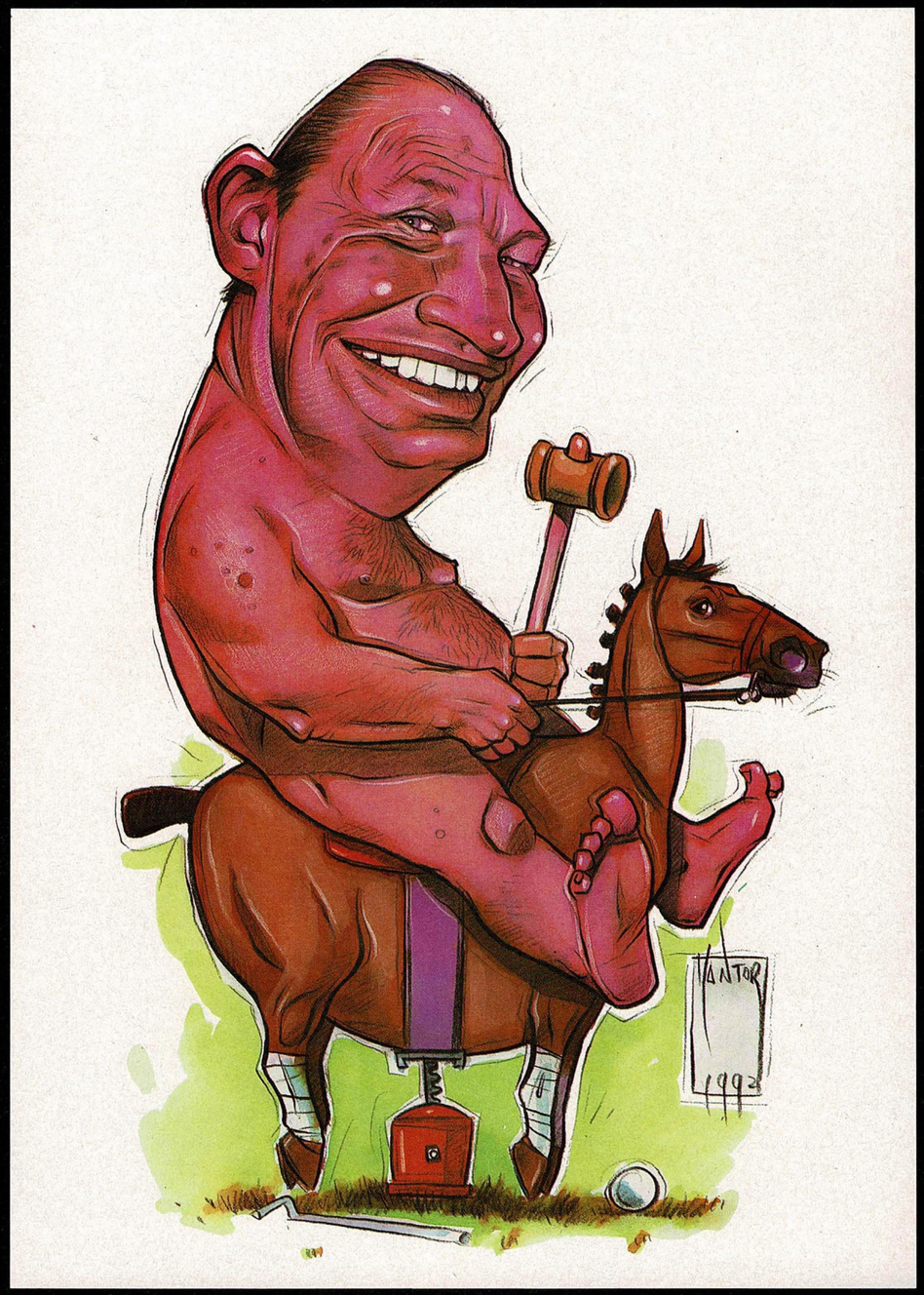
Is there such a thing as too much fun? Please help me I'm dying out here.

Well, what can I say; life's a tough room cobber. It seems as though you have stumbled onto a problem only a few men will ever be lucky enough to fall victim to. However, your affliction is worth discussing here since there seems to be a certain discrimination against men when it comes to being sexed to exhaustion. If a woman goes through a phase like this, she is labelled a "nymphomaniac" and becomes a source of humour. She is lauded by fellow women as having a liberated sexuality and hounded by men because of her enthusiasm. Not so the bloke who wants it all the time and finds himself getting it. As you are finding out, going through a period of fuck-mania with a like-minded woman can have serious effects on your professional, social and emotional life. It sounds incongruous, but yes, there is such a thing as having too much fun, especially when so much of that fun revolves around alcohol and drugs. People who find themselves in your situation have to break the cycle and put their lives back into perspective. Ask yourself this: what's more important, my job and sanity or getting stoned and fucking? Okay, so that was a dumb question. But ask yourself this question again after you get a call from the boss one afternoon to say you're fired. It won't worry the girl you're with. She didn't lose her job and she's getting what she wants. You have to prioritise life and balance its various aspects. Hope this has been some help. Oh yeah, and whatever you do, don't ask your mates for advice — you're likely to be attacked by a mob of sexually frustrated males.

Globe-trotting Crystal has spent time in Denmark, Hong Kong, the United Kingdom and Fiji.
"All these countries have something about them that I love," she says.
"I have good times wherever I go."

But wherever she goes, Crystal's sultry beauty is bound to draw attention.
With a body like hers and a face as exquisite, no wonder people can't help but take notice.
And what is Crystal's idea of a good time?
"I like to get out and rage," she says, "but I also enjoy seeing how other people live.
I get a kick out of sitting in a cafe in some strange town, watching the world go by."

KANTOR'S



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Kerry Packer

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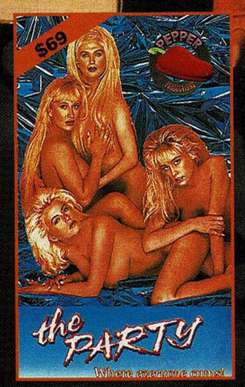

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CRYSTAL gazing

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HANK LONDONER

"I don't mind not knowing what the future holds for me," says 23-year-old secretary Crystal McCoy. "I haven't yet really decided on a career, a man, or even the place where I want to live."

STORY BY ROBERT REID

ILLUSTRATION BY MARK SOFILAS

KICKBACK!

A Japanese scam is taking money from Queensland retailers

It took a long time to happen, but the hard edge of the Japanese kickback system finally broke the silent barrier of fear, mistrust and greed — emerging into a flashpoint of anger in the business community of Cairns.

The kickback scam is a model of simplicity. In its basic form, Japanese tour guides working for large Japanese companies direct organised "package" groups of tourists to certain shops and restaurants. Those carefully selected establishments are part of the system and have duly paid their "commissions" in exchange for captive customers with Yen to spend.

After years of watching as the Japanese tourist dollar walked past their doorways into the coffers of the kickback merchants, independent traders are doing some organising of their own.

They tried to halt "the impending death of free trade in Cairns" two years ago and failed. Then the kickback racket was suspected of being an arm of the notorious Japanese crime syndicate known as the Yakuza. Although no link was proven, Queensland's Criminal Justice Commission set up an investigation

kickback

into Yakuza activity in Cairns and the Gold Coast and said it was monitoring the situation in Cairns "very closely." In the following months three Yakuza members were deported from Queensland.

But the kickback system rolled on while investigations by the Trade Practices Commission and the Australian Taxation Office proceeded slowly. Small traders in Cairns and the Gold Coast — the two most rapidly expanding tourist destinations in Australia — were unhappy. One Cairns jeweller sold his business after 30 years because he had been approached to pay "commissions" several times. He is getting out "because it is getting too dirty." The jeweller said a colleague in Sydney had his ribs broken because he refused to pay kickbacks.

The kickback squeeze goes far back. In February 1982, the Australian Tourist Commission director in Tokyo, Stephen Le Page, revealed that "heavy commission charging" had started, particularly in opal shops.

Even back then, kickback was big business. Allen Ishikawa, president of Pan Asia Development Inc in Tokyo, said the commission scam was out of hand in Australian shops catering for Japanese tourists buying gems.

"Kickback operators have tried to blackmail me but I wouldn't pay," he said. "Businessmen are being asked to pay 40 percent to get customers. I know of one Sydney gem store that paid half its $500,000 sales as kickbacks to a middleman."

Shop manager Rick van Grinsven and boutique owner Ken Smith led a Cairns traders fightback with letters to the editor in the local daily newspaper. Both wrote that they were continually victimised by Japanese tour guides who arrogantly shepherded large groups of Japanese tourists away from their shops and into nearby duty-free stores that were known to be part of the kickback system.

Van Grinsven and Smith detailed how tour guides manipulated their charges by saying certain shop owners and staff were "unfriendly to Japanese", would "mock them for their foreign accents", and would "rip them off with high prices." The two traders revealed that tourists' travel documents and hotel keys were confiscated and held by their guides until they had finished shopping in the "preferred" duty-free stores. The tourists were then marshalled by their "minders" onto waiting coaches and driven away.

Van Grinsven said on two occasions Japanese guides had brought small groups into his shop, as a "teaser." They allowed the shoppers to buy a few items, and then offered him larger groups on a regular basis for a 30-percent commission.

Smith insists the kickback scam is not solely confined to Japanese-owned companies linked directly to Tokyo. He claims Australian companies with tourist retail outlets throughout the country are also involved.

He says, "Because of economic muscle they can, on volume of trade alone, pay inflated 'commissions' easily raked back by overcharging a captive and trusting clientele while apparently offering discount prices."

Jeweller Paul Christopher regularly watches hordes of Japanese being herded past his shop. In 1983 he was approached by tour guides in his Sydney store and offered "big business" for a hefty 45-percent kickback. He wasn't interested.

The Greek born ex-opal miner wasn't impressed when his "passable" grasp of the Japanese language picked up a tour guide outside his Cairns shop telling shoppers they would be cheated if they went inside to look around.

Christopher said he has sent a Japanese friend into a duty-free shop with a gold ring he values at $750 to compare prices. A similar ring in the duty-free shop was price-tagged at $2000.

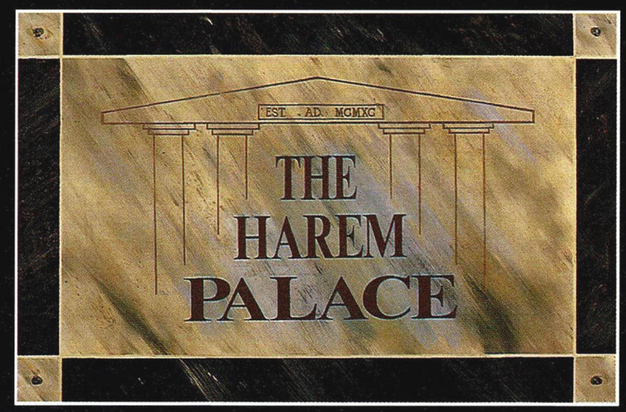
Surviving is at the top of the agenda for most Cairns traders in the tourism business. With their backs to the wall through the recession, they are fighting hard for a share of the Yen market. They say their trading is down anywhere between 30 and 50 percent since the kickback boys tightened their stranglehold in the boardrooms of Tokyo. According to retailers, some 40 of their associates have "gone down the tube" in the past 18 months. More are teetering on the edge of bankruptcy.

Glenda Robinson, chairwoman of the newly-formed Fair Trading Committee (FTC), has spent three years as president of the Australia-Japan Society; she says the kickback issue had nothing to do with racism.

"Racism is being used as a red herring to hide what's really going on. This is, if anything, racism in reverse. Wherever the kickback system is in place they use mainly Japanese employees with a token Australian here and there. Japanese staff is necessary to keep the system closed. Japanese tourists are, in fact, being ripped off by their own countrymen."

State Treasurer Keith De Lacy, who is also the sitting Member for Cairns, warned the issue could develop into an international incident unless tempers cooled and common sense took over. He admitted the government could probably do little, if anything, even if

"We got a confession! I guess this means the system works"



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kickback

the retailers' allegations were proved. There was "a thin red line", he said, between robust competitive practices and illegal practices and the issue of kickbacks might not cross that line, even though it was hurting local traders.

However, National Party Senator Bill O'Chee sympathises with the plight of the small retailers saying, "The Goss Government is worried — they want to be seen to be doing something about kickbacks but it's really too hard for them. They'll hope the whole thing will go away."

O'Chee said that although "secret" commissions were illegal in Queensland, contractual agreements were not and Japanese tour companies collected their profit-boosting kickback payments in Japan, thus evading Australian law. He said the National Party had recently ratified a policy to license and control tour guides in Australia.

Although the Queensland Government has launched an investigation into the kickback scam, Cairns traders fear another "Mickey Mouse" inquiry which will lead into a lengthy "hosing down" of the issue. They point out that a 1990 Federal Government report, called *Tourism Shopping in the Nineties*, had already identified the problems, but nothing had been done.

The report said "exclusive patronage arrangements" favoured big duty-free stores and estimated at least three-quarters of sales to tour groups were made by "less than five retailers owned and controlled by overseas companies." This gave Japanese owned duty-free shops a "head start" and a "major advantage" in the Australian market, resulting in "negative effects" for this country.

The report also said: "Organised tour groups tend to make their major shopping visit to just one store per major destination. It is usually one of the one-stop-shop, very large duty-free stores, and this leaves little, if any, time for shopping in Australian owned retail facilities."

The report noted that commission payments were prevalent in some countries in South East Asia and Japan where such payments were regarded as part of normal business practices. It said State legislation prohibited the payment of secret commissions but knew of no prosecutions against retailers accused of the practice.

In the wake of the kickback furore, the Trade Practices Commission adopted a laissez-faire approach, declaring agreements between tour companies and "selected retailers" were just examples of ruthless, but perfectly legitimate business practice, and it would not be investigating the matter. The TPC's North Queensland Regional Director, Paul Wise, said a High Court of Australia decision had made it clear the Trade Practices Act was not designed to stop normal competitive conduct by powerful corporations. The High Court judgment had described competition as being, by its very nature, ruthless and leading to injuries upon weaker competitors.

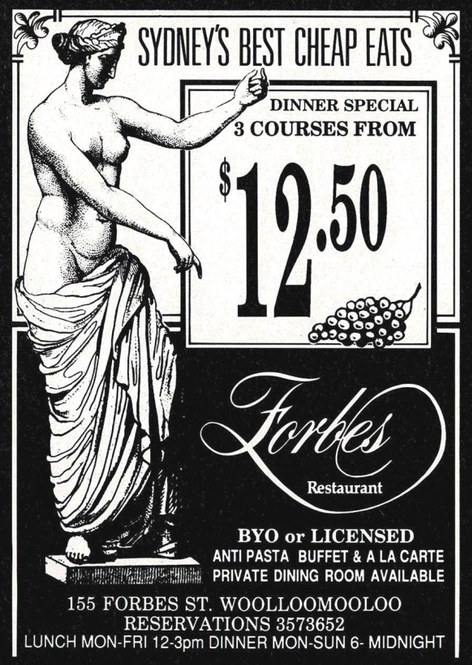
Claims of a snowballing blacklist of Cairns retailers by the kickback cartels in Japan have frightened some small operators from speaking out.

Outspoken trader John King, whose "Aussie Down Under" shop is directly across the street from one of Cairns' largest duty-free shops, claims his southern supply-line has been sabotaged to the point where he's having difficulty keeping his display shelves stocked.

In a bid to recapture a share of the market, King has joined a fightback trend among independent shopkeepers by hiring a Japanese "tout" to stand outside his doorway and attract shoppers.

"Our touts explain to Japanese shoppers that there is an alternative to package shopping and if they come inside they will be free to browse and

Continued on page 96

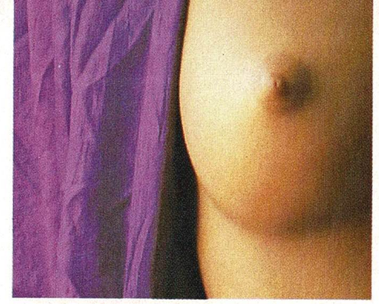


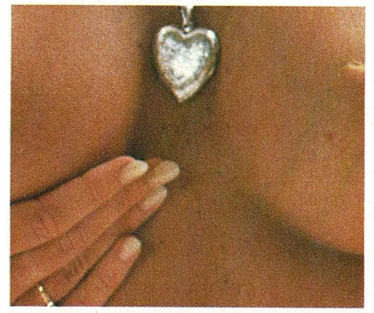
Australian
PENTHOUSE

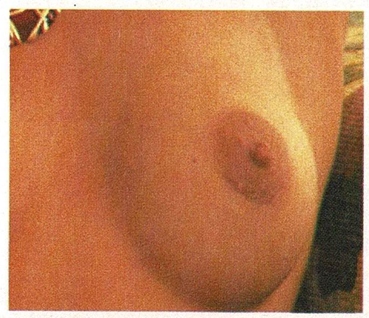
Pet of the YEAR

PLAYOFF 1993

It's that time of year again. Only a few months ago the Gold Coast's Sue-Ellen Underwood was selected by *Australian Penthouse* readers as our 1992 Pet Of The Year. It was a tough job but a great choice. Now we want you, the readers, to tell us your picks for the 1993 Pet Of The Year. There are six Pets who appeared in *Australian Penthouse* during 1992 and one of them has to walk away with the Pet Of The Year title. The winner of the coveted title collects prizes valued in excess of $60,000. These prizes include a car, jewellery, perfumes, clothes, holidays and much more besides. But we also look after our judging panel of readers. Making your choice for the top Pet of 1993 puts you in the running for a great prize package of a Philips hi-fi 712VR VCR plus *Penthouse* videos. So help us decide who will win the sought-after Pet Of The Year title and win something for yourself. On page 46 you can make your decision by ringing in your vote for Pet Of The Year (InPho Maximum Call Charge 50c). Your vote could make one Pet a very happy young lady. Each entry counts in the final draw, so don't forget to get yours in. Some readers will have a favourite girl from our class of '92 and others may want to look through their back issues of the magazine. For those of you who need their memories jogged, turn the page for a look at the six lovely Pets in the running for the title.







February 1992

Alexandra Mead

Alexandra is a woman with the type of relaxed, easy going confidence that compliments her exotic good looks. The 22-year-old model was born in Adelaide but is now well and truly settled in the big smoke of Sydney. She has a taste for motorbikes, seafood, good wine and fast cars. You could say she has a taste for luxury. This 36-24-36 dynamo made her debut in the February edition of *Penthouse* and the response she received was, needless to say, enthusiastic.

May 1992

Michelle Lake

Michelle Lake is not your average country girl. Although she loves the solitude of the bush, this 38-25-33 charmer is just as attracted by a different kind of wild life. The bright lights of Sydney attracted Michelle from her native Coffs Harbour and she now revels in the anonymity offered by the big city's nightclubs where she really lets down her long, tousled hair.

June 1992

Madonna De Winter

Vivacious and outgoing, Madonna shares the extroverted nature of her famous namesake.

This feisty 21-year-old from the Gold Coast has a taste for adventure and by her own admission she'll try anything once.

As for men, Madonna says personality and attitude matter most of all but being tall, adventurous, active and having a good sense of humour are definite advantages.

November 1992

Lisa Brooks

This mesmerising 24-year-old is the kind of person with a decidedly philosophical view of life.

When asked what she wants in the future she simply says she wants to be happy.

But while there is definitely a spiritual side to Lisa, she is by no means a demure flower child.

She admits to having a raunchy dimension to her personality.

This is reflected in her favourite two animals — the serene dolphin and the wild, black panther.

December 1992

Racheal Ellison

With her entrancing looks, it's no surprise that Racheal has been a catwalk model for five of her twenty one years.

The striking model previously worked as a dancer; one of her most memorable acts including dancing on stage to Middle Eastern music while a snake slithered up and down her body.

Racheal, a classically trained dancer, was born in Victoria but she has travelled through most of Australia and is currently living on the Gold Coast.

January 1993

Isabel Monro

Isabel stunned our readers with her sizzling debut pictorial in the August 1988 issue of *Australian Penthouse*. At 21 years of age, this blue-eyed, blonde maned beauty is poised on the verge of becoming a rock star. The sensational Sydneysider fronts a rock band called Black Vanity in which she sings and writes songs. She calls herself an exhibitionist whose sexual turn-offs include lights out and "only on Sundays."

Vote and Win

Pet of the YEAR

PLAYOFF 1993

February 1992
Alexandra Mead:
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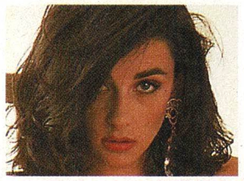
May 1992
Michelle Lake:
00555 4322

June 1992
Madonna de Winter:
00555 4323

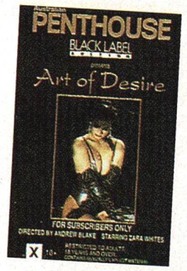
November 1992
Lisa Brooks:
00555 4324



December 1992
Rachael Ellison:
00555 4325

January 1993
Isabel Monroe:
00555 4326

Choosing between six of the most beautiful women that *Australian Penthouse* has ever had the pleasure of presenting is not an easy task. Now it's your turn to have a say in electing the 1993 Pet Of The Year by registering your phone vote. Simply by calling in your pick for the title, you automatically put yourself in the running for a state of the art Philips VR712 hi-fi remote control VCR. Valued at $899, the Philips VR712 includes features like digital auto tracking, one-touch recording and the HQ system for optimal picture quality. To compliment this piece of superior audio-visual technology, the winning reader of our Pet poll competition will also receive a superb range of six, erotic Black Label videos valued at $235. Included in the prize package are the *Penthouse* Black Label Edition movies: *Art of Desire, Fast Cars and Fantasy Women* and *Mechanical Lovers*. These superb titles are accompanied by three of the most sexually arousing films in the entire Black Label collection. These include *Centrefold 1, Swingers Ink* and *New Barbarians 1*. The winner of the competition will be selected from the names registered on the phone lines and will be announced in an upcoming edition of *Australian Penthouse*. (InPho max. call 50c)



"Whatever you do, don't ask Mr. Murdoch what your Christmas bonus is going to be this year."

PROFILE

BY LEN FINDLAY

PHOTOS COURTESY OF
WEST AUSTRALIAN NEWSPAPERS LIMITED

tiger LILLEE

Dennis K. Lillee is alive and well — and coaching in India

It was December 14, 1974.

Under leaden skies a portly, balding, middle-aged, slightly sad figure of a man walked towards the center of Perth's WACA cricket ground to face "Tiger Lillee" in his own den.

The man was Colin Cowdrey, brought back to prop up an injury depleted Pommie batting line-up after nearly four years in the cricketing wilderness. Cowdrey was a man that Australian cricket fans loved to hate.

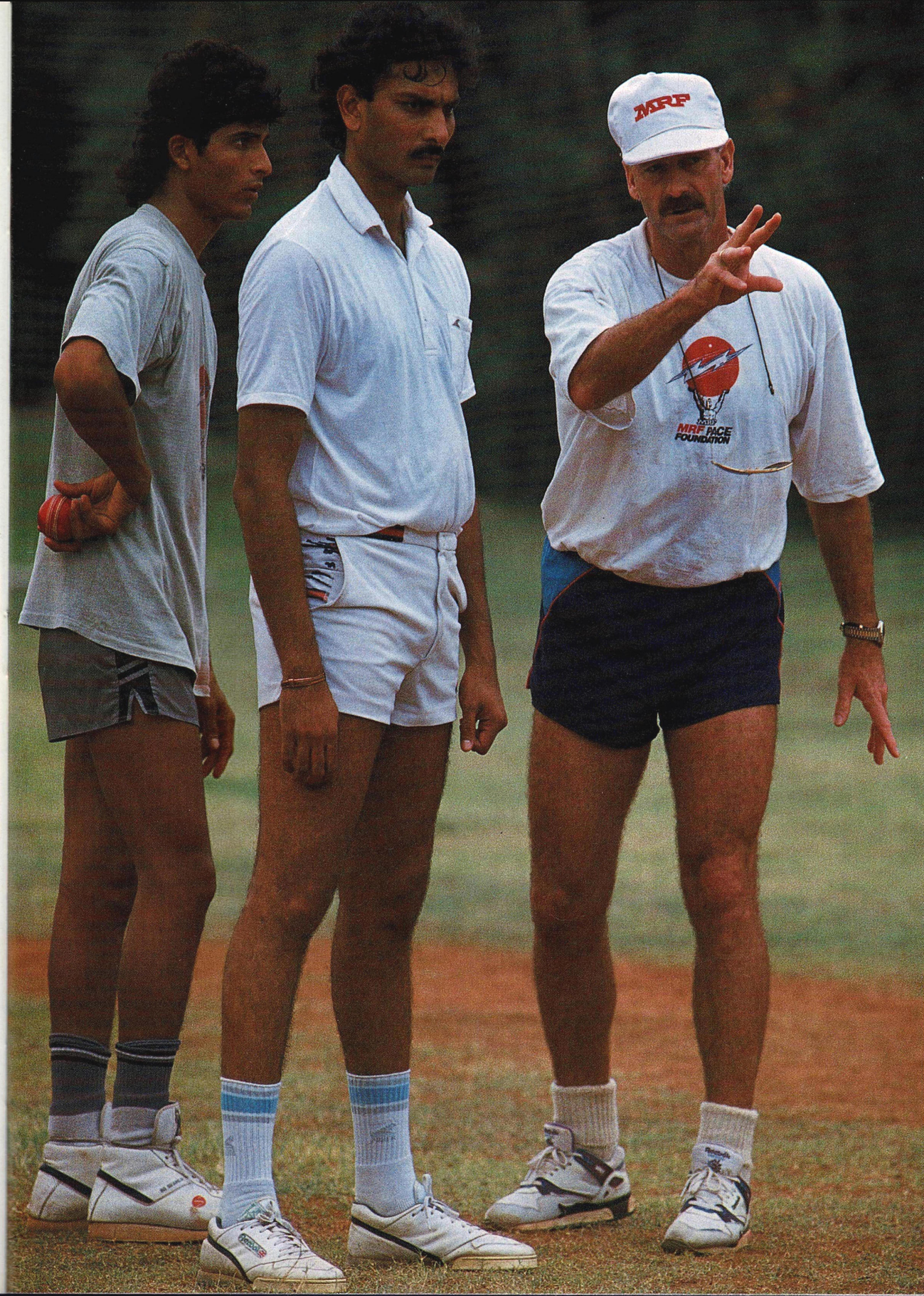
Slow scoring, hard to remove, with occasional flourishes of pure batting genius and elegance, he was the epitome of the much loathed English batsman.

Lillee and his co-quickie Jeff Thomson were at their fearsome best.

Lillee with his blinding speed and deadly accuracy, Thomson with his erratic but equally awesome thunderbolts, had already scared out two top-order batsman.

For the next 125 minutes the familiar sound of leather hitting willow changed to the sickening thud of 150km/h projectiles striking human flesh.

Cowdrey, his coordination shot by years away from the test arena, was a sitting duck. Hit by everything but the kitchen sink, Cowdrey



LILLEE

reeled from blows to the heart, groin and just about everywhere else.

When he finally trudged back to the pavilion, battered black and blue, the scoreboard showed a creditable 22 runs against his name.

Cowdrey deserved a Victoria Cross for the courage he showed to face up to that barrage of red leather bullets.

Now, 18 years on, and around the same age as Cowdrey was on that grey day back in 1974, Lillee still has that burning desire to succeed and the same bitter loathing towards the padded, bat wielding men in white who dare to defend their stumps.

A tall white man, balding but still superbly fit, walks along a street in Madras, India.

First an old man stops, then a few more, then children. They look and approach.

They ask: "Is it him? Is it really Dennis Lillee?"

In this land of many gods, he is the one who walks among them. For he is Dennis Lillee and he is almost worshiped in a land where cricket is a way of life and a chance of a new life for the chosen few.

Dennis Lillee is, in many people's eyes, the best fast bowler the world has seen. Dennis Lillee, loved in a sub-continent of 850 million. Dennis Lillee, who never played a test match on that sub-continent.

The crowds grow. A journalist can become respected just for knowing this man, this "Lee-lee." A journalist can be embarrassed as every one of the crowd can tell you the statistics of a wondrous career, can wonder at the admiration for the man.

And that admiration grows every year in India. For Lillee is the man who is changing the way Indians look at their national sport, the way they play their national sport.

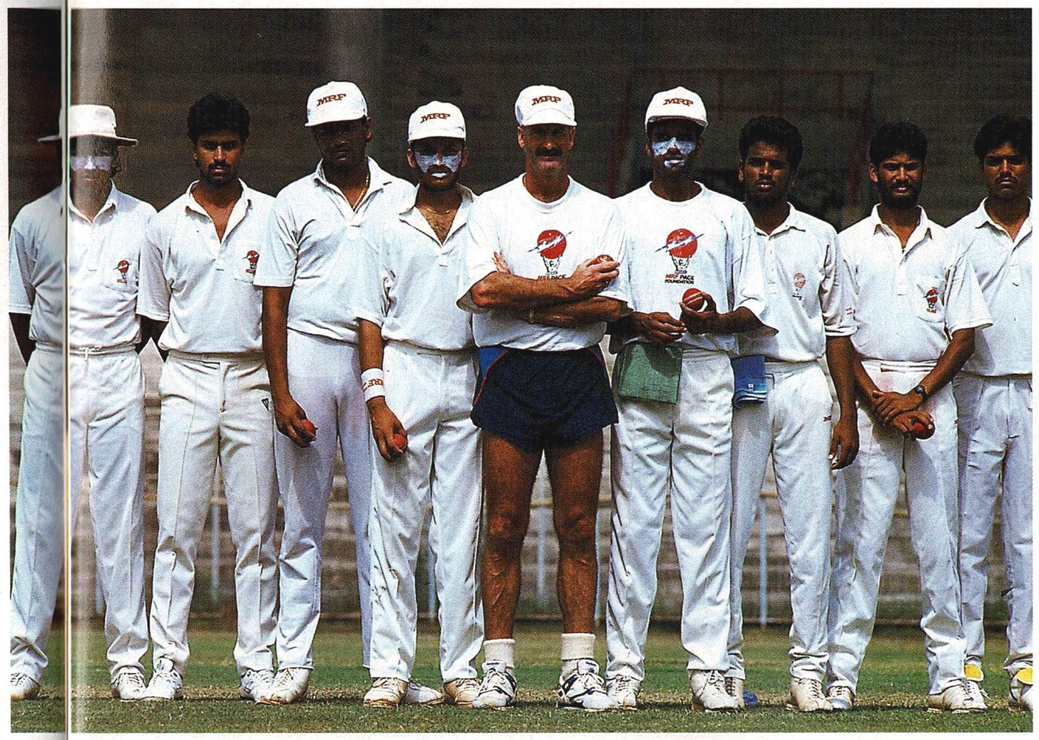
Since the game began in the former British colony, Indians have produced gifted batsmen, fine medium-pace bowlers and spin bowlers who could practically send a ball on a tour of the ground before it returned and beat the batsmen.

But they have produced fast bowlers with the same frequency as an Australian government has balanced the books.

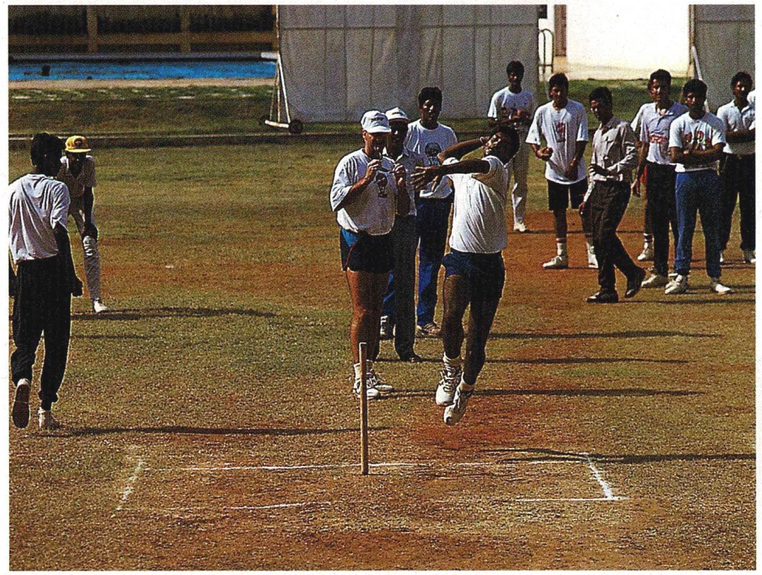
Now, at a school set up for the purpose in Madras, they are emerging. Young, strong, and *quick*.

The man who makes them that way is Lillee. The MRF (Madras Rubber Factory) Pace Foundation is the vehicle. Lillee is the driver as India adds some spice to its bowling.

The Pace Foundation was the dream of one man. Ravi Mammen, grandson of



"I will not take money out of cricket. I have never taken money from the Cricket Associations."



Top left: Lillee mixes it up on the streets of Madras. Top right: Coach Lillee and his elite team of Indian fast bowlers. That infamous confrontation, Bottom Left: Lillee clashes with Javed Miandad. Bottom Right: indian speedsters under the watchful eye of the master

the founder of the MRF, was a man who loved his company and who loved his cricket. He dreamed of the day when India could have fast bowlers to match the fearsome West Indies and Australian attacks.

A man with a dream and with means can achieve. Ravi Mammen set out to achieve. And as that achievement was turning from seedling to full flower he died. Aged 39, Ravi Mammen died on a Sunday afternoon two years ago, months before the first two players from his pace Foundation played for India against Australia.

Srinath and Subroto Banerjee each played in Australia last year and each took wickets. Lillee was there to see them. Ravi Mammen was not. But the MRF and the Pace Foundation are now in the capable hands of his brother Arun who is carrying on the work.

This year the work has expanded, with four quick bowlers from the Australian Institute of Sport joining the Indians in hot, steamy Madras. They sweat with Lillee, but with each drop comes a pearl of wisdom. The fast bowler's art from the master painter.

This is no paid holiday for Lillee. He controls everything. He sees everything. Dammit, the man still competes in everything. .

When he shows the youngsters how to bowl, he is trying to knock over the batsmen. When they go swimming after a session, he wants to reach the far end first. A social game of soccer and he is running around, still a 20-year-old in a 43-year-old body. No soccer skills but a whole sportsman's heart.

It was back in 1987 that D.K. Lillee was first approached about the MRF Pace Foundation. He recalls, "I started to get telephone calls saying: 'Please come and meet this man that is all we ask. Just meet him.'"

Lillee held out for a while then agreed to meet Ravi Mammen. He had no hesitation in accepting the position as coach. "Ravi was a wonderful man," says Lillee, "a quite outstanding person who told me what he wanted and convinced me that everything possible would be done to help."

And so it has proved, even to the extent that Paul Wilson and Glenn McGrath, of NSW and Mark Corbett of WA have just spent two weeks at the college, getting all the wisdom and experience that is on offer. And at no charge.

Richard Done, assistant coach at the Adelaide-based AIS cricket school, has no doubts that his players gained much more than a suntan and a liking for spicy food.

"Just being here," he said "is fantastic

LILLEE

for the boys. They have learned about a new culture, new conditions ... and they have been coached by Dennis Lillee."

Coached by Dennis Lillee. The words mean everything in India. Soon they will mean a lot everywhere.

Kapil Dev, King of Indian cricket, was not considered for the coaching position "because we wanted Dennis Lillee," says Arun Mammen, Chief Executive of MRF. "He has been a huge help and the scheme has been a total success."

All connected with the scheme agree: Lillee takes it seriously and is well on the way to changing a nation of trundlers into a nation of tigers. His permanent team in India starts with T.A.Shekar, a former Indian quick bowler. Then comes Mr Vasoo Paranjape, known to all as Vasoo. Vasoo is the delightful, enthusiastic man who travels all over India searching for the talent to lay before Lillee. His praise is unstinting. "Dennis is a wonderful man and a wonderful coach," he says. "He takes this job so seriously and has made a difference to Indian fast bowling that I can hardly express. We look forward to each visit. He is like a Ford Mustang. An aristocrat. You name it, he can do it."

Mr Ratman — "please, only Mr Ratman" — is the director in charge of the coaching for the Madras Rubber Factory, a complete division of the company. He breaks the laws of the land of India: he says something not 100-percent adulatory about Kapil Dev, quick bowler, former captain and deity in the cricket world.

"Look," he says, "Kapil Dev does what he does naturally. Dennis Lillee wasn't born with all his skills. He's done things to hone his talents. He has worked. He has trained. He has done it on his own, especially after his back injury. He shows our pupils that with application, dedication and training even an idiot can become good." There are no idiots among the group of chosen ones, those with the future of Indian quick bowling in their talented hands.

As we speak, Lillee is demonstrating yet another point to the dozen young Indians who have been chosen by the Pace Foundation as the foundation of India's new era of quick bowling.

Subroto Banerjee listens, then does as he is shown and this man is already a Test bowler.

"I am a Test bowler because of Dennis Lillee," he says without hesitation. "This man is fantastic. He was the ultimate bowler. You ask what Dennis Lillee means. He means aggression. He means speed." Without prompting he will add: "But it's the mental side of the game that he has opened up to us more than anything."

Speak to Lillee later and this remark gives him great pleasure. "That's what I teach them. Teach them that sometimes you have to think a batsman out."

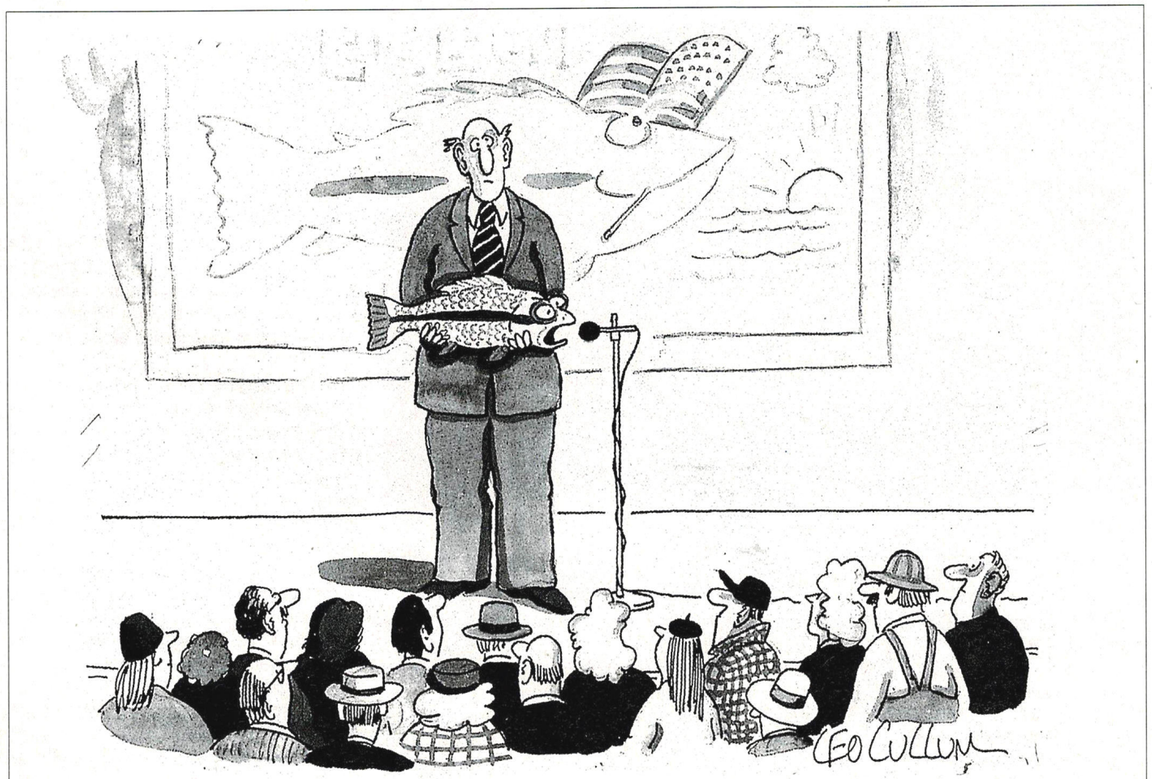
Banerjee is happy to speak all day about a man who retired from Test cricket almost ten years ago. He will tell you that his improved thinking and technique have taken him to a Test in Sydney where he landed 3-47. And they were no 'bunnies.' Mark Taylor, Geoff Marsh and Mark Waugh fell to Banerjee that day. Indian cricket politics kept him out of the next two matches, however his partner Rinath, who has graduated from the pace academy, was another major success. And there are a bunch of young, athletic, quick bowlers ready to join them. They have seen that India need not be a place where fast bowlers fear to run in.

Harvinder Sodhi looks like an Indian spinner. A Sikh, he wears his turban at all times. But when he gets a cricket ball in his hand you know you are looking at a quick bowler, that rare bred who think a batsman's only right is a decent burial.

Sodhi is 20, tall, lithe and quick. Last season he played in Perth grade cricket for experience. He could be in the Indian national team soon.

He has been at the Pace Foundation for all five years of its existence and says,

Continued on page 104



"There are a lot of people saying that a striped bass can't get elected in this state!"

Isabel

Photography, hair, makeup and styling by Bambi; black trench coat, black strapless dress, black diamante bra by Alexander Perry Couture. (02) 663 2013; black mesh lace-up body suit, black chiffon camisole, black satin bra and knickers from Can Can Lingerie (02) 232 6034.

Black Vanity

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BAMBI

Twenty-one-year-old Isabel Monro is the kind of girl who has exactly what it takes to make it to the top. Our beautiful and intelligent January Pet is the lead singer of a rock and roll band called Black Vanity. "Singing is better than an orgasm," she says coyly. Either way, Isabel likes to perform. "I don't mind being seen for what I am, whether I'm posing nude or singing on stage."

Born in Poland, Isabel grew up in Sydney and ever since she was a little girl, she did things her way. She admits to never wanting to settle down to a strictly scheduled lifestyle."I want to do everything, not just work in a nine-to-five rut. Back in 1988, Isabel made her debut as a *Penthouse* Pet and these sizzling pictures are what she calls her "coming of age" centrefold.

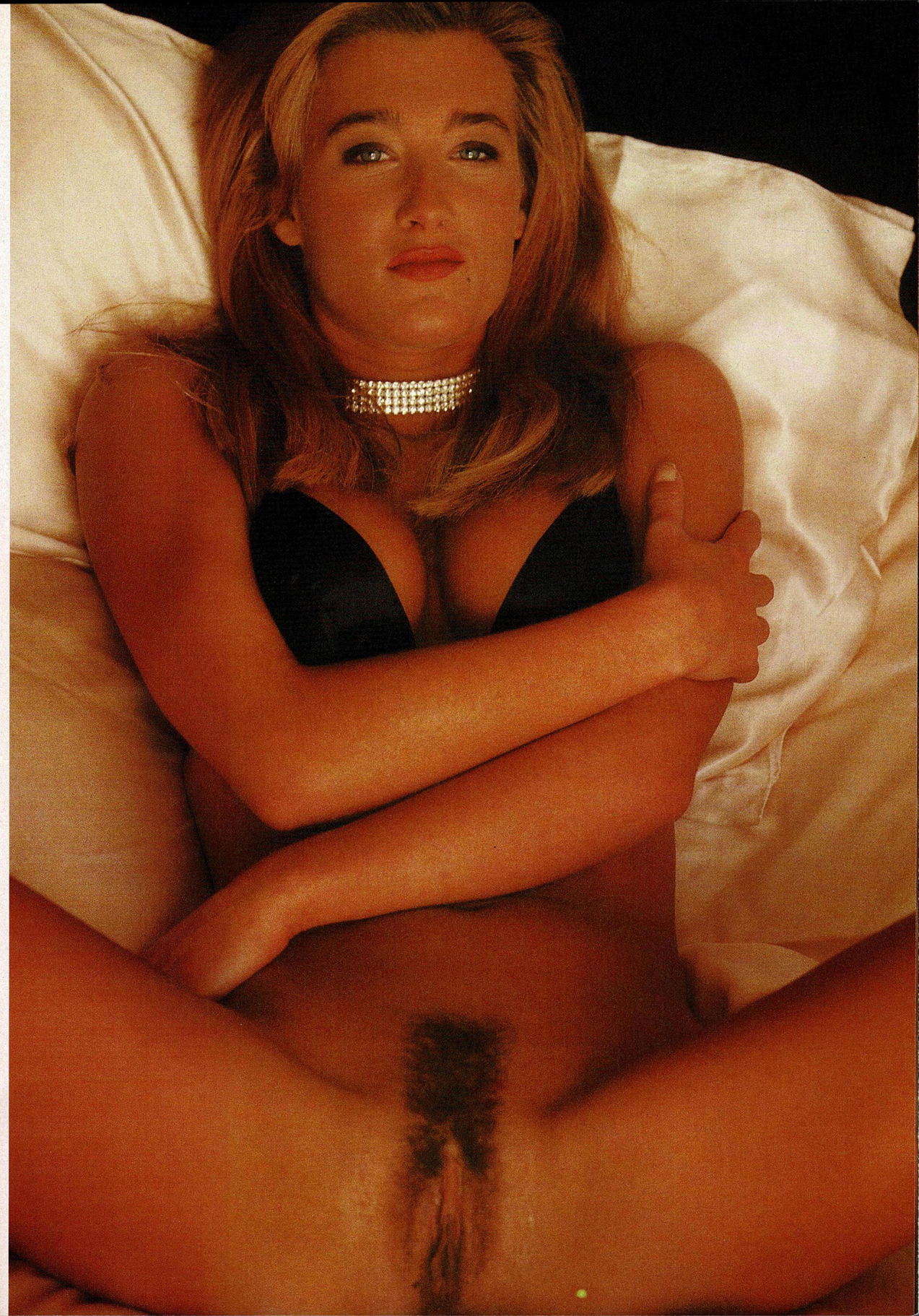
This lady is definitely not the norm, her tastes run completely opposite to popular conventions. To prove this she says that her favourite food is smoked eel and that her most memorable sexual encounter did not take place at some exotic location or in a public place, but was simply the most intense that she'd ever experienced.

On the subject of men, Isabel is once again adamant about what she wants.

"I like guys with long hair," she explains, "but most of all my men have to be really patient to put up with me."

"One thing that I always am is unpredictable," laughs Isabel. "I really love a man wearing aftershave, sometimes I'll follow a guy around a store just to smell him. And nothing turns me on like a good massage or back scratch." The 36-24-36 Aquarian says that conceited men are a real turn-off but if they are also bad pool players and have no sense of humour they've got no chance with her at all.

Isabel admits that she has no planned sexual fantasy, but that any sexual experience can be a fantasy. "There's no need to fantasise about sex, because anything you can think about you can do. You've got to live the thought or idea at the time." This self-confessed exhibitionist says that she thinks her best features are her sapphire-blue eyes, but judging from her sensational pictures, there are certainly many other assets which Isabel should be proud of.



NIGHTLIFE
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BY MARK DAPIN

PHOTOS BY GRAHAM MONRO

toe to toe

Friday night in Mt Isa means putting on the gloves and getting in the ring

"The only difference between those blokes and me is they're sober and I'm pissed," the biker mutters, as Fred Brophy's Boxing Troupe line up on the boards outside their tent. Brophy's boys shuffle and sweat under the hot light of a string of carnival bulbs as one of Australia's last spruikers bangs his drum and begins his spiel.

Queensland cowboys smoke and spit in the warm Mt Isa evening. It's the first night of the rodeo in this man's town, and there are country boys in Akubras out spoiling for a blue. Brophy is a hefty, hard man with all the apparent integrity of a used car salesman who has broken out of Pentridge. "I'm the fairest referee in Australia," he bellows. "Where's the best fighter in Mt Isa? My boys'll take on any man, any size. It doesn't matter if he's as big as the Mt Isa Hotel."

And the Mt Isa Hotel is big: a sprawling Queensland beer barn with one bar for the blackfellas and another couple of rooms that are predominantly white. The Mardi Gras parade has just passed by. It's only 7:30pm but most of the men are drunk. Toddlers taking early steps slide on the slops, walking as sure-footed as their fathers, who stumble along behind them, hugging the walls for support.

There's a storm in the air. In the street outside it's been raining crushed cans of XXXX. Fred Brophy keeps up his call for the toughest man in town to take to the ladder and climb up beside his boys. A couple of hopefuls come out

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of the crowd, but they're too pissed to negotiate the first rungs. Local champions are finally pushed forward to challenge the travelling boys. There are Aboriginals, rodeo riders and miners. While Brophy tries to match them with his men, they all swear that they've had no boxing experience and have never even brawled on the streets. Mt Isa has seen some of her most solid, upright citizens step into the arena with Brophy's tent fighters. "Alan Moore, Jack Sharkey, Tony Mundeen," Brophy recites the litany of great fighters who began their careers in the tents "where champions are discovered." Primitive portraits of the lords of the ring decorate his canvas: Sharkey, Mundeen and, er, Muhammad Ali. "Ali didn't actually box here," Brophy admits. Brophy offers the challengers $10 for every one-minute round they survive, redeemable at the end of three rounds if they win the fight. His own boys get about $60, win or lose. The biker joins the others on the boards. He's big and tattooed, thirty-something, with the face and belly of a beer-drinker.

Brophy matches him with Mick Burn for the first bout of the evening. Burn joined the troupe that morning. He's a rodeo rider who hasn't been able to raise all the money he needed to sponsor his entry to the bareback event. Last year, he took on one of Brophy's boys and won — a ticket to join the troupe next time that a number of fighters seem to have bought. Fresh-faced, fair-skinned, blond and handsome, Mick would look like a marketing man's all-Australian white boy if he hadn't had both earlobes bitten off in a hotel set-to.

The biker gloves up confidently inside the tent. Mick bounces on his toes. The crowd — more than 100 strong — stand four-deep around the small, open square marked out for the fighters. They complain about their $10 entry fee, and shout abuse at Brophy. The ringmaster shrugs, smiles and assures them once more that he is the country's fairest referee.

At the tent door, a pale, lanky kid is trying to negotiate his way in. He says he'll get in the ring with one of the fighters and just run away from him for three rounds. As the biker is about to find out, in Fred Brophy's tent there's nowhere to run. There's no ropes to slip under and out, just a punch-happy crowd that'll push a fallen man right back up and into the fight. Mick and the biker touch gloves and square up. The biker is heavier but slow and his guard is hopeless. Mick dances up to him and bloodies his nose in the first few seconds. A fast right-cross opens another wound under the local man's eye. Mick backs off, drops his fists to his hips, grins wide to bare his mouthguard and offers the biker a wide open target. He doesn't dare to take it. Fear fills the older man's face. Mick plays with him, laughing, windmilling his arm like a comic-strip villain about to throw a haymaker. The encounter ends before it can really be called a fight. The biker still looks scared half an hour later. The crowd is licking first-blood from its lips. If there's one thing they like better than a battle, it's a massacre.

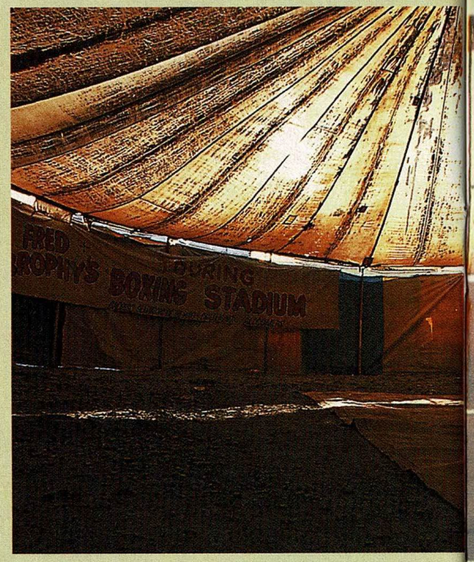
Fred Brophy has been managing massacres for about 15 years. He knows when to stop a fight and people generally don't get badly hurt. But his boys go in to win, and most of the action in the tent is the real thing.

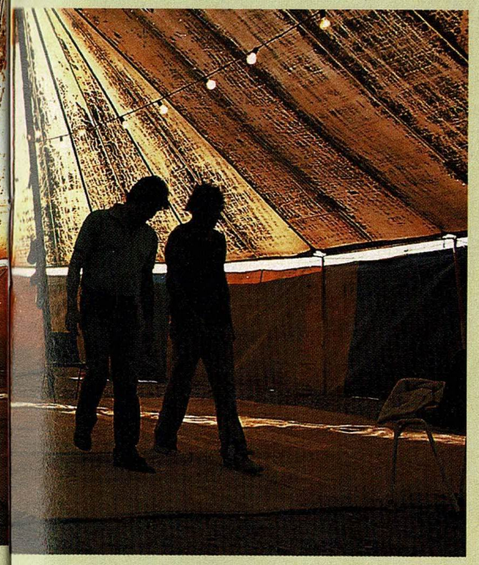
Brophy himself is three fingers short of two fists. He lost his digits in "accidents" with axes. He shrugs off the mutilation, but feels bad about one of them. "My mate's dog ate the cunt," he says. "I tried to pick it up but the dog ate it." Brophy comes from a family of show people. His mother was a trapeze artist, his grandfather had a circus, his great grandmother was a snake-charmer, his father had a striptease show and a boxing tent. He has eight brothers and sisters in various branches of the business. When he tries to count them off, he finds he doesn't have enough fingers any more. Brophy's first venture into sideshows — Fred Brophy's Psychedelic Mouse Circus — was closed down by the RSPCA. "I bought two dozen mice from the pet shop and dyed them all different colours — red, pink, orange, whatever," remembers Brophy. "I put up a tent with a train-track running around the outside of a kids' swimming pool, and out the front I had paintings of mice lifting weights, driving trains and driving trucks. I super-glued these mice on top of an electric train and away they'd go. In the pool, I'd have these little electric boats going round, and I'd throw in a handful of mice and say they'd been trained to swim to the boats. They didn't have any choice but to swim, because that was the only way out of the water. I was out front in Perth when this lady inside started screaming. The red mouse's tail had got caught between the carriages and had been cut off. The RSPCA brought this big letter saying they'd received a complaint that I had a performing mouse in need of medical attention. So I turned off the train, the lady identified the mouse with the cut tail, the inspector went to pick it up, and the whole fucking train lifted off the track, with all the other mice still stuck to it as well. I got closed down after the second day." The young Brophy then bought himself a striptease show, which also attracted the attention of the authorities. "I was down in Fremantle and I picked up a couple of molls from the hotel," he says. "I told them I was gonna make them into stars. We used to line the girls up out in front, the same as I do with the boxing tent, except that instead of having the fighters, I had girls. Blokes would come up from the crowd and help them take their clothes off.

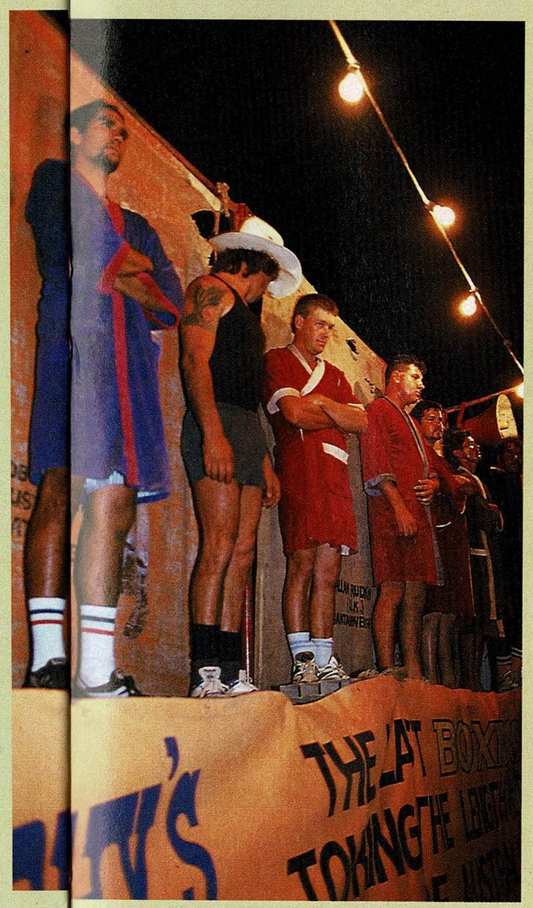
"I had Vanessa the Undresser and Rose of the Orient. In those days, they even had to have a pair of pasties on their nipples, so of course it was totally out of the question to show a bit of furry pouch. What I did was put see-through plastic on the nipples and a bit of kangaroo fur over the naughty parts. Word'd get around that if you went down to Fred Brophy's tent, you'd get to see a bit of Davey Crockett. So for the grand finale, I'd get them to show everything, and the coppers would run straight over and say, 'We've got you now, Brophy,' but I'd take them around the back and show them it was just kangaroo skin."

Brophy's own fighting career — "only ever in the tent and in the streets" — came to an end at the age of 25, when he was shot in the legs with a double-barrelled shotgun after a fight. He was threatened and "fair dinkum fought the bloke," he says, "nearly killed him actually. That's what I should've done," Brophy muses, "because then he wouldn't have got a gun and fucking shot me. The doctors were gonna cut my leg off. I was lying in bed and they told me that blood poisoning was gonna set in. There's 85 pellets still in my leg now. I asked, 'If you cut my leg off, will I be able to dance?' They said, 'Yeah, we'll give you a wooden one'. I said, 'That's good, I've never been able to fucking dance before.'"

That happened in the year he bought the tent. Brophy boasts that there's "action all the way through" his boxing show. Some of his fighters travel with him, others are recruited locally — often boys who are just passing through the town. His boys have different levels of skill. "It's no good me having all champions," says Brophy, "or nobody'd fight them, but you have to have one man who can







"There's no ropes to slip under, just a punch-happy crowd that'll push a man right back into the fight..."

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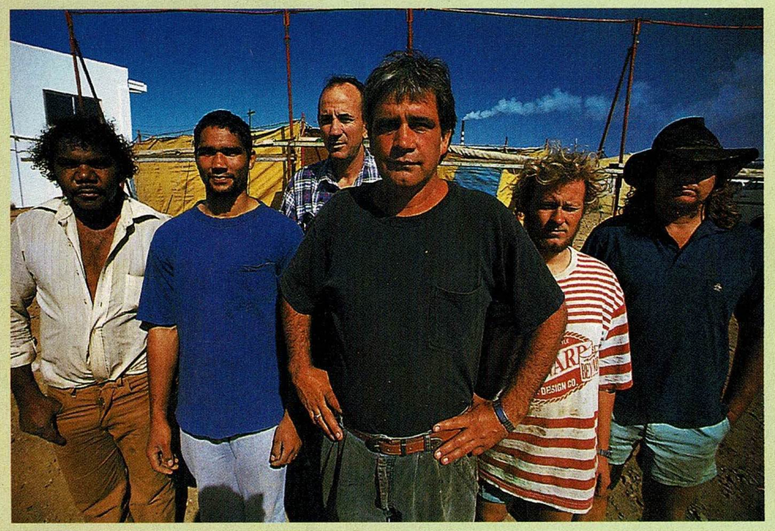
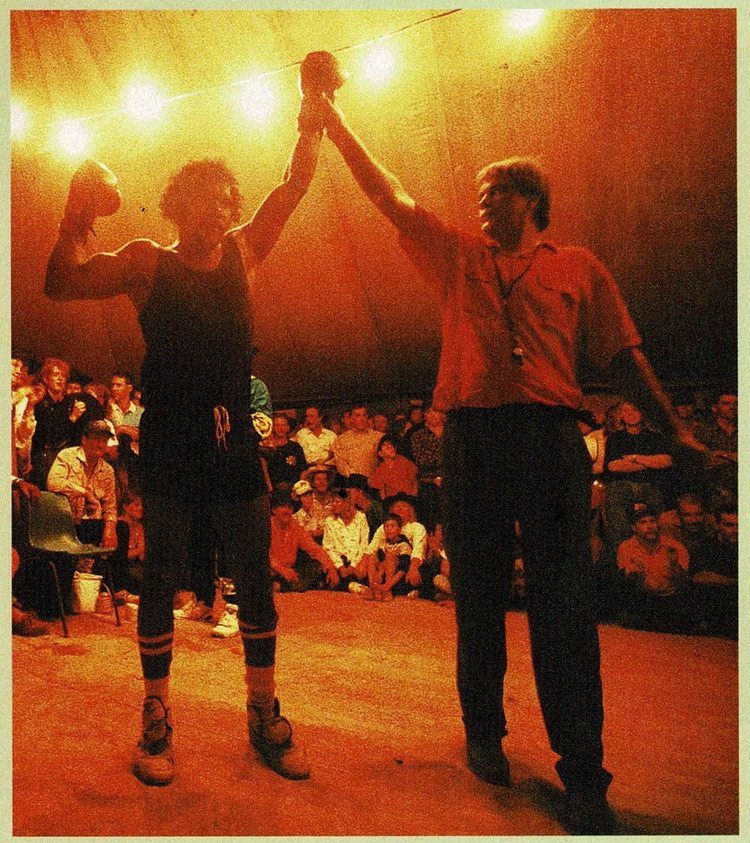
toe to toe





beat anybody." Danny "TNT" Radecker is Brophy's top fighter. He's a 21-year-old boilermaker from Mt Isa, who has spent three years on and off in the tent. With an amateur record of 26 for six and "about five titles", Radecker never loses. He'll give away up to 40kg in weight. "I prefer it when they're bigger," Radecker says. "They don't swing as fast."

Caramel-skinned and soft-spoken, Danny handles the real hard cases for Fred. "I like to knock them down," he smiles, as if he were doing them a favour. Radecker can really fight, and went four rounds in Birdsville with a man who later identified himself as ranked fourth in Australia. He has a fluid, efficient defence that's a world away from the mechanical movements of most of the men in the ring. He has a problem finding worthy opponents.

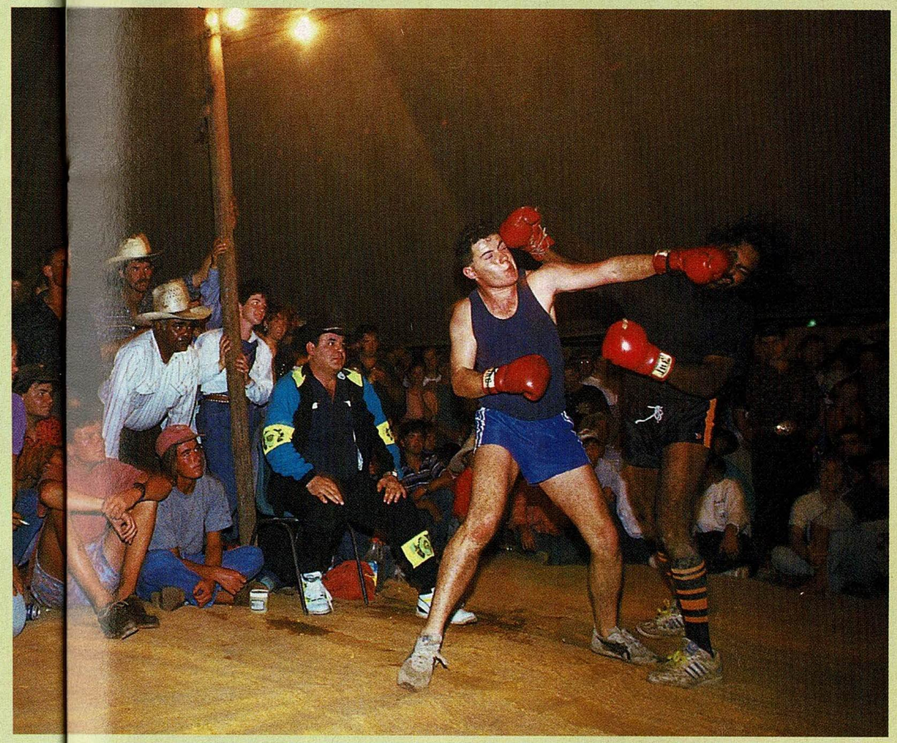
In Mt Isa, he boxes what is virtually an exhibition match with a local Aboriginal fighter. The man holds his ground, but Radecker easily outclasses him. It's bad luck for a young hopeful if Brophy picks Danny to take him on, but Brophy says the unluckiest man in the history of the tent came along to Birdsville eight years ago.

"A big, tough ringer came into the pub where we were drinking and offered to fight the best man I had. He kept shouting and shouting at us, and it got so bad we had to leave the hotel. Out at the tent the next night, he came forward straight away. I thought he must be good so I kept him for the last fight and I gave him to the Birdsville Mauler. My bloke shaped up pretty good and this ringer couldn't even hold his hands up. The Mauler hit him straight away and he was knocked out, so we carried him round the back and put him on a mattress. I was working the striptease tent opposite the boxing tent, with the half-man half-woman operating it for me. One of the strippers was Hazel from the Gold Coast. She looked better than the lot of them — she had the biggest pair of tits you've ever seen and a nice looking body, but she was a bloke. She had a prick like a donkey on her.

"She was out there for me for the weekend so she could earn a quid to have the operation the next Friday. So the ringer comes to and he's got a black eye. I let him go in the striptease for nothing. About five minutes later, one of my blokes comes over and tells me someone's been knocked out in the striptease tent.

"This ringer'd gone into the tent, walked straight up to the stripper and mauled her, so the bouncer had punched him in the other eye and knocked him straight out. We put him back onto the mattress.

"By the time he woke up again, the show was finished and we were all sitting around the fire having a drink. Hazel went over to see if he was all right. He had two lovely black eyes.



"This ringer had come to the Birdsville races, got knocked out, then got fucked by a drag queen..."

She was all over him, and the next thing he's got his arm around her and they're kissing.

"They walked off into the tent where we were sleeping. I forgot all about them, then me and my wife went to bed and we found them there, no clothes on, all over each other like a pair of octopusses.

"Next thing I know, this cowboy's coming out of the tent, doing up his trousers, and I'm pissing myself laughing. 'I'm not real happy about this, Fred', he says to me, 'I think I've been set up.'

"Hazel came up with a big smile like a cat that's been in the dairy. She said, 'I've had a marvellous time. Seeing as I had to have it cut off next Friday, I couldn't resist using it one more time, so I rolled him over and fucked him.'

"This ringer had come to the Birdsville races, got knocked out in the boxing ring, got knocked out in the striptease show, then got fucked by one of the drag queens.

"The moral of this story..." begins Fred, but the moral is lost somewhere in the bar of the Mt Isa Hotel. No-one is that unlucky in Mt Isa. A fearsome black fighter calling himself the Mt Isa Tiger gets into the ring with the White Prince from New York City. The White Prince from New York City has never been to New York City, or anywhere outside Australia, but he's been around. A tyre-fitter by trade, the friendly 21-year-old from Oberon near Bathurst reckons he's about 78kg and looks to be carrying some spare weight. He earned his nickname, he claims, because he's "always got a sheila in tow."

"I haven't been to a town yet with Fred where I've had to stay in camp," he says. "I've always stayed at a sheila's place." The Prince has been around Australia three times, occasionally hooking up with Brophy. He is rarely defeated in the tent. "I can't fight," he laughs, "but I make it hard for the fella that can." He's been in Mt Isa for six weeks, and he says he's had 29 women in that time. Outside the Mt Isa Hotel, a girl recognises him and reads the words "Fred Brophy's Boxing Troupe" off the back of his vest. Her tone is scornful. "You were a cunt of a root anyway," the Prince calls after her. The Mt Isa Tiger has had a drink or two, but then so has the White Prince. The fight is fairly even, although Brophy gives the decision to his boy, who is the more skilled boxer. The crowd hisses, but the Tiger does not seem unduly distressed. He enjoyed his moment so much, he gets back up when the next fight starts, and paces around the ring like a worried chaperone at a date that's got out of hand.

The Cunnamulla Kid, a rodeo rider, is Brophy's man in the ring. He has been with the tent for about five years, and he moves around the swaying Tiger. His opponent is a boilermaker at the mine, who Brophy christens the "Miner." The Kid gives a lot of weight away, and the Miner has a good punch. The Kid's corner throws in the towel after two hard rounds.

The Miner collects his money. He's another pleasant, quietly spoken man. "Violence doesn't interest me," he says. "It's more of a hobby." Later he reveals that he fought in the tent for Brophy two years before. The Kid, 30, says that eight seconds with a bucking bull at the rodeo worries him far more than three minutes boxing with another man. Brophy's longest-serving fighter, an Aboriginal boxer called Mandingo, is 31-years-old and has been with the tent for about seven years. He has deep, black skin and a relaxed bass voice. He's a bit of a slugger, with the biceps to back it up. Mandingo has been fighting since he was seven "and in every fight I never lost none. I didn't care how big they are," he says, "how solid they are, I always come up winning."

He beat Kenny Sands in Brophy's tent — "I just kept on whacking body to head, body to head" — and started boxing with the troupe in Birdsville. He fights a taller man from Mt Isa. The local boy is hopelessly outclassed. Mandingo covers for a while to give the crowd a show, but he always looks like he could knock him down with a flick of his thick wrist. When he leaves the ring after two rounds, he looks like he knows he's lucky to be alive. Like many of Brophy's Boys, Mandingo likes to wrap his fist around a stubbie-holder. Some of the troupe could be sponsored by XXXX, and are as likely to be seen hitting the beers as hitting the heavy bag in the hours before the fight. The biker who lost the first match at Mt Isa was wrong. There's a difference between him and the boys. As Rob "Black Lightning" says to Mandingo while he slips punches at the canvas walls of the tent, "We may be alkos, but we'll take on any cunt."

"And I never lost one," Mandingo grins.

let's PARTY

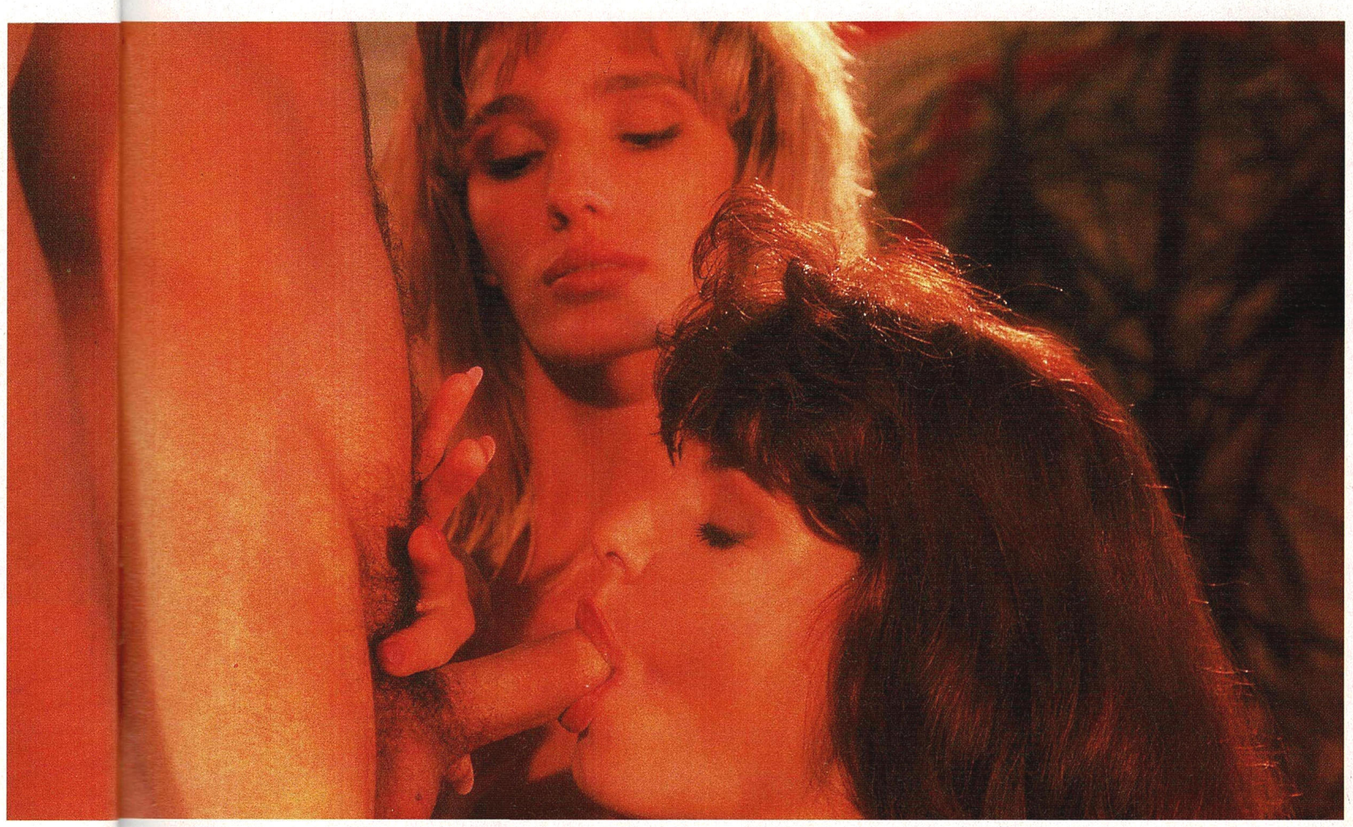
GRAHAM, MELANIE & SUE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN HARROLL

Graham's 25th birthday ended with a bang when Melanie and Sue, two typists from the office, brought him the present of his desktop dreams — themselves.
"How about a birthday kiss?" asked Graham.
He didn't need to ask twice, but he got it double.

These were gifts he'd been eyeing for a long, long time and he was even more delighted when his presents unwrapped themselves.
"What have I done to deserve all this?" he asked.
"It's not everyone who has a birthday on New Year's Eve," laughed Sue,
"so we thought we'd celebrate the two in one."

The two quickly tucked into their one, and stripped him down to his birthday suit. This was one New Year's Eve that they would never forget and Graham was about to get a once-in-a-lifetime gift. Melanie was the hungriest, so she got to eat first. Sue turned ravenous while waiting for her chance, but all three soon had their just desserts. As midnight past, there was no time for singing "Auld Lang Syne" or "Happy Birthday". There was just too much celebrating to be done.



FICTION BY MARK DAPIN

ILLUSTRATION BY CAMERON SINGLETON

dog

Seanie's plan was clever, maybe too clever

I bought a dog and barked myself. I paid $5000 to a bent copper and $2000 to the beast, just to get him alone in a motel room. "Keep off the grass," warned the laughing policeman. Ha fucking ha.

The Dog had some pedigree. He'd bitten the best of them. He'd pissed up lampposts with Jimmy the Skull. He'd robbed butchers' shops with Tony the Slav, and run off with the sausages clamped in his jaw. Adam "Cain" Abel had set him on Billy Menthol, and Billy's mum still doesn't know it's her son sitting by the telly. The Dog had done time for every crime in the kennel, and now he was howling to tell the whole story. "Two hours and that's your lot," the Dog-handler reminded me.

The room was cold. I could not figure out how to turn down the air conditioning. I put on my jacket, but the Dog was sweating. As we shook hands, he looked over my shoulder to the mini-fridge. I gave him a beer, which

DOG

he emptied before I had time to light a cigarette. I brought him another, we both smoked. I sat on the chair while he made himself comfortable on the bed. "I don't know you, do I?" asked the Dog.

"We've got mutual friends," I told him.

"I don't have friends any more," he said.

The Dog was a mess. His coat was everywhere, with long, brown hair that fell too heavily on his shoulders, like the unconvincing disguise it was. His skin was pale and pock-marked, and he scratched incessantly at his forearms as if he suffered from worms.

"Who sent you?" asked the Dog.

"Guess."

I didn't want him to feel comfortable. I was pleased to sniff his fear. The Dog was a fool, trading his security for another two grand. His guards waited outside the door. I had been searched for weapons, but I was bigger and younger, and we both knew that I could kill him and escape before they knew anything about it. "You're Charlie Parsons' boy," said the Dog.

"I'm nobody's boy," I told him.

"So what's your interest?"

"We'll get to that." The Dog shrugged, "You're paying for your time, mate."

"You're not going to pay for yours though, are you?" I asked.

"I done enough time," said the Dog. The Dog had served five years, now he wanted out. The only way he could dig a hole under the fence was by burying his mates' bones. So the Dog was going to tell the courts everything he knew about organised crime in Sydney, and a lot that he'd made up. If you believed the Dog, he'd had more men confess their guilt to him in Pentridge than the Priest of the Paddies in St Peters.

"I've got information on you," I told him. The Dog laughed. "You're a stupid cunt, aren't you? I'm gonna tell them everything anyway. I'm protected."

"I know you killed Sergeant Moorhouse."

"Bullshit," spat the Dog.

"I was there," I said, "I watched you do it."

"Like fuck you did."

"I can prove it," I told him. "I saw the way you cut him up. I saw shit they never reported in the press. I saw the stuff the family didn't want to come out of the *post-mortem*. I saw you slice his ... "

"Okay, okay," panted the Dog. "So what do you want?"

"I want you," I said. "I want to have whatever they promised you."

I knew they'd never let him run for that. He knew I knew that. They'll give you anything for anything. They'll forge you a Vatican State passport if you rape a convent full of nuns, they'll help a Nazi butcher start a new life in Israel, but they'll never amnesty a cop-killer. "What's your deal?" I asked him.

"A new life. They're going to change my face, give me plastic surgery, recut my fingerprints, take off my tatts, put $15,000 dollars in a bank account and move me to Queensland."

"I want it all," I told him. "I want to change places with you at the clinic. I want your surgery and your papers."

"Tell me what you think you saw," said the Dog, lighting another cigarette with two burning away in the ashtray. I told him.

"You cunt," said the Dog, and he watched his black-and-white dreams slip out of his paws like a bone on a rope. "Okay," he said finally. "It's a deal."

I didn't feel bad. He wouldn't have to finish his 20 years, and he wouldn't have to take a lifetime of beatings for wasting the copper. All he had to do was hide, and that was the only option I was going to leave for myself. Rather him than me. He was the Dog.

I was 15-years-old, and a good kid. I was good at school, good at sports. I

Pure Gold.
(Need we say more?)

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DOG

helped mum around the house, helped dad fix the car. I liked to help anyone, got a kick out of making people feel good. Adults were always patting me on the back and saying, "you're a good kid." I was from a hardworking family. Nobody had ever had an education before. I was set for university, never failed an exam. At night I went out with the boys chasing girls. We hung around parks and bus-stops, smoking menthol cigarettes and drinking cans of Coke spiked with vodka. We never made much trouble, but we acted as if we might. Women like trouble, and girls liked me. I was a good-looking bastard, fit in spite of the fags. I had broad shoulders and long, fair hair. People talked about my face like it was something special. There weren't too many deep-blue eyes down our way, not after the Lebs and the Greeks moved in. I had a girl called Karen, short and dark. She wasn't allowed to go out with boys, so we met early in the evening when she was supposed to be having dancing and gymnastic lessons. Karen let me feel her, then she let me take her, behind a tree in the park. She said, "Seanie, go gently, be careful with me." I knew I was doing what I had been born to do. It wasn't the clumsy, fumbling sex that most kids talk about, it was beautiful. It was perfect. I slid inside her like I was meant to fit. I moved like a dancer. I licked her and kissed her and stroked her slowly. I wasn't impatient. I didn't shoot in her hand. I didn't press myself on her. I was a lover, you know, and I made a virgin come. It was the best night of my whole fucking life.

I didn't know anything about Karen's father. She never told me what he did. Her surname was Dormer, but that meant nothing to me, because everybody called her dad "Manson." I met him the night after we first made love. He came up to the wall where me and the boys were sitting, spitting through our teeth and kicking about the broken glass. Two big men in leather jackets and boots walked up to us. The broadest of them was Manson. I recognised him from the papers. He was a gangster, a killer, with wild eyes and a swastika cut between them. His offsider was a man called Keegan, a local thug with huge fists and ten years lost in Long Bay.

"Which one of you is Seanie?" asked Manson. I admitted it, because I didn't want to lie to a murderer, and I didn't know what it was about.

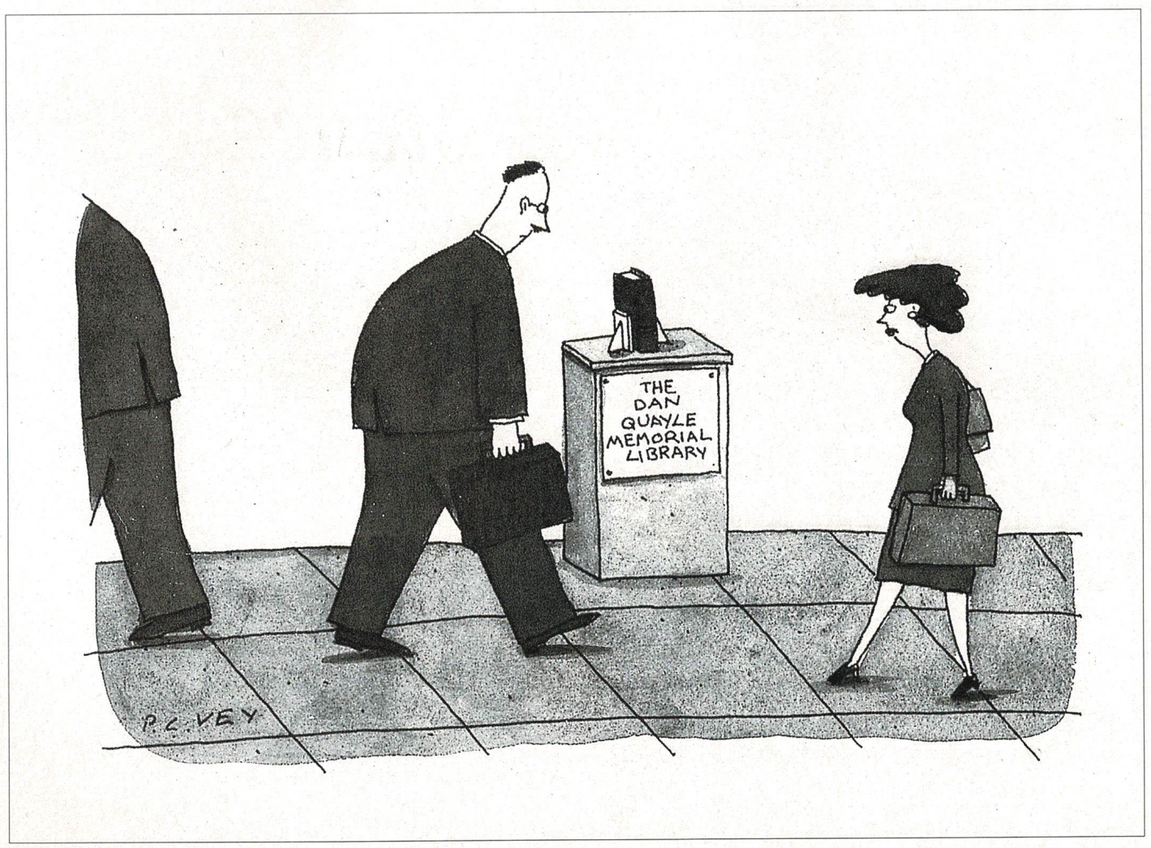
"Fuck off, the rest of you," Manson ordered, and the boys scattered. Manson screwed me out. I dropped my eyes. Keegan laughed.

"I hear you've been fucking my daughter Karen," said Manson, as if he'd heard there might be rain later on in the week. "That's right," said Keegan, as if he had information that confirmed the rumours.

"She's only 15," said Manson, "and you've turned her into a slut."

"Karen isn't a slut," I protested.

"I know that," said Manson, "but I don't think you do." Keegan grabbed me by the lapels and threw me against a brick wall. "Think you're a clever little cunt, don't you?" he sneered. I was so scared, my knees went. If he hadn't been hanging onto my jacket, I would have collapsed on the pavement. I felt sick and loose. "Like a fucking rag doll," laughed Keegan. Manson dropped his cigarette butt and ground it under his heel. Keegan rolled behind me, pinning my arms behind my back. Manson came for me slowly, his big, tattooed fists balled and ready. His first punch knocked me breathless. His second brought blood into my mouth. He paused for a moment, then pushed his forehead against mine, and started to jab into my ribcage. The blows ran harder and harder, snapping into my bones, breaking my body with pain like needles. I felt one rib go, tasted my own blood again. Manson stepped back and started to work on my face.



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DOG

I was only 15. I couldn't move, couldn't do anything to stop him, couldn't do anything at all. He burst my nose, knocked teeth from my mouth and blacked both my eyes. Then he punched again, with one knuckle extended, and caught me twice in the right eye. He turned like he was going to leave, spun on his heel and thrust his elbow into the same socket. I thought he was going to kill me. Warm piss flooded inside my trousers. I thought he had already blinded me. "You're not even going to look at my daughter again," he told me. Then he hit me once more. Same eye.

"All right, Keegan," he said, "the boy's had enough." Keegan let me drop. I hit the pavement with my head. "He fucked your little Karen," Keegan reminded his boss.

"He sucked her tits and stuck his dirty cock into her cunt. We can't just let him off like this." I didn't hear what Manson said to this, but I felt myself dragged back to my feet. Through one half-closed eye, I watched Keegan hang onto my lapels as he drew back his knee and thrust it into my balls. I counted four times before I blacked out. Only the first one hurt, and that gave me more pain than I have ever felt in my life. The rest of them were more like bone on bone as he ground his kneecap into my pelvis.

There was no need for it. Karen wasn't even his fucking daughter. I was only 15. I was a good kid. I must have been out for a few seconds before Keegan brought me back with the feel of cold steel on my neck. "You're gonna die, boy," he told me. He pushed the barrel of a .38 revolver through the gap where my front teeth had been. "You're gonna fucking die."

"Easy," said Manson, "he's just a kid," and the next thing I knew I was in intensive care. The surgeons saved my eye, but they couldn't keep it open. I developed a twitch that I couldn't control, as if every minute or so I had to pull the defences down over my pupil, in case somebody hurt it again. I lost my confidence, lost interest at school, couldn't sit still, paced around having spasms like a shock-monkey on a chain. The twitch got me into fights. I was always looking at someone funny. My face was lumpy and scarred, threatening and older than my body, a walking invitation for hard men to have a go. I was kicked out of one school and I never tried to get into another. I couldn't fuck a girl again after what Keegan had done, couldn't even be with a woman. They always tried to hold me, and I couldn't let myself be held, because I thought they'd hit me. I couldn't be close.

At home, I was lazy and vicious, always angry with my dad. He tried, but I ate up his patience and spat it back in his face. In the end it was my mum who sent me packing, for what I was doing to him. I set out on my own, with $250 and a hug that lasted forever. I blew the money in one week, drank every cent of it, moved out of a rooming house and onto the streets. I used drugs, then sold them. I quit using when I saw what the product was doing to my customers. The big dealers liked me when I was clean. They used me as an enforcer, to kick the shit out of junkies who would not pay. They called me a good kid. I fell in with gangsters, when drinking with the boys at Adrian's hotel in the Cross. I worked as a bodyguard for Jimmy the Skull, and a driver for Little Pete. I was never in on the big jobs, but I was always around.

I ran with Paul Mailer and Gerry the Clown. They were bad kids, but good mates. Mailer was an outcast like me. People took the piss out of his harelip, the way it gashed his moustache like a cunt. We got on well. He was brighter than most of them, but probably more violent than all of us. Mailer had killed while he was still in reform school.

Continued on page 108

MORE SERVICES

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THE 1993 PENTHOUSE FICTION AWARD.

Everyone has a story to tell and *Australian Penthouse* magazine wants to hear yours! This publication prides itself on being one of the few magazines in this part of the world that still regularly publishes Australian short fiction. Our list of fiction writers includes names like Robert G. Barrett, Thomas Keneally, Susan Geason, James McQueen, Roger McDonald and Robert English.

This year, Australia's biggest-selling men's magazine is offering a $1000 prize to the person who can write us the best work of original, entertaining fiction. The winner will have his or her story published in September *Penthouse*.

The rules are simple:

(1) the piece must be no longer than 3000 words;
(2) it must be an original work. *Penthouse* will rely on the writer to make sure that the work is original;
(3) it must have a title with an accompanying word count;
(4) it must be type-written, double-line spaced using only one side of the paper;
(5) it must arrive at our offices on or before March 1, 1993;
(6) the story will only be entered in the competition when accompanied by the official entry form below. No facsimile will be accepted;
(7) only one entry can be made by a writer;
(8) once the prize money is paid to the winning writer, *Penthouse* will be the owner of first Australasian rights to the work.
(9) manuscripts will not be returned unless accompanied by a stamped self-addressed envelope;
(10) send your entry to Fiction Award, PO Box 42, Cammeray NSW 2062;

And remember — this is not a Forum Letter competition. We're not looking for our readers' wildest sexual fantasies. We want quality short stories. Many fiction awards can only be entered by people of a certain gender, a certain age or writers who have not been published. But the *Penthouse* Fiction Awards are open to all-comers of all ages and any gender and to amateurs and professionals alike. We just want the best. We don't care who you are.

So what are you waiting for? There's $1000 sitting here and someone has to win it. Good Luck!

By my signature below I agree that I have read the conditions of entry to the 1993 *Penthouse* Fiction Award. By my signature below I offer first Australasian Rights of my attached story entitled ..... to *Australian Penthouse* magazine. The submitted story has not been copied, reproduced, or paraphrased from the work of another person and the Australasian Rights to this story have not been sold elsewhere.

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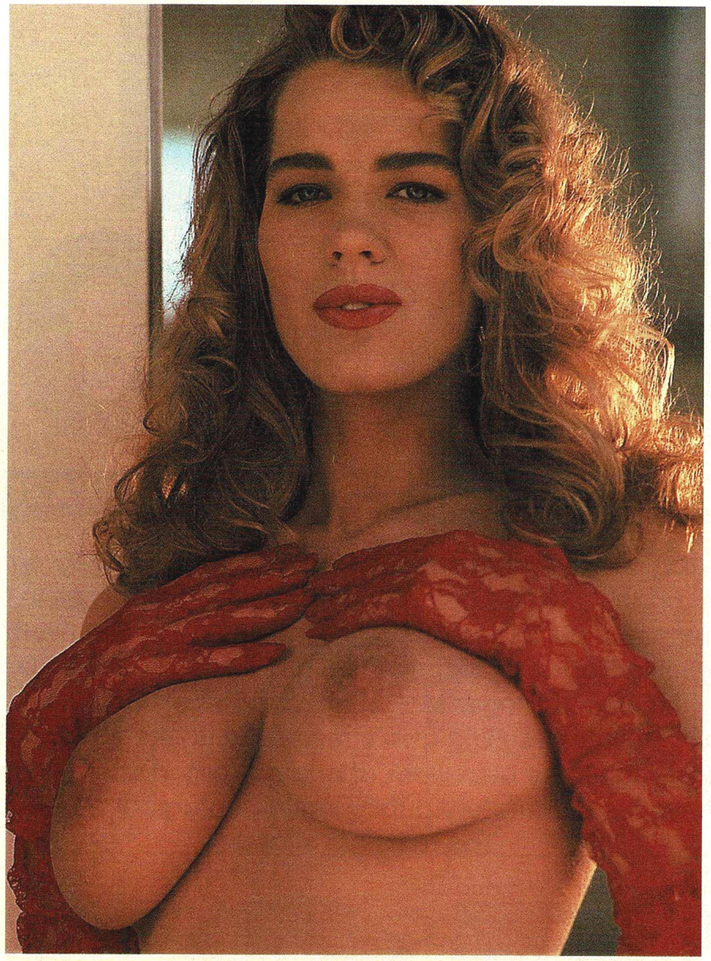
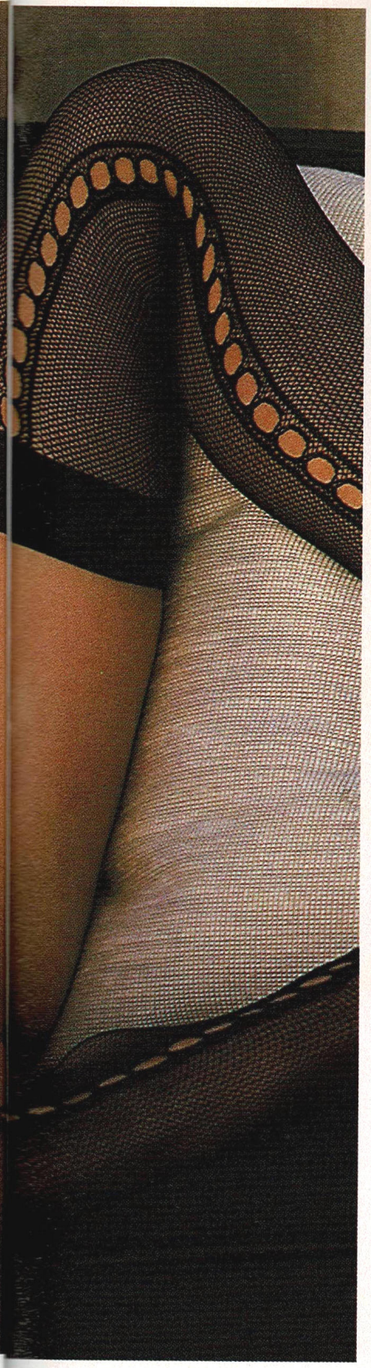


PHOTO *friendly*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN HICKS

June Holmes is anything but a home-girl. "I like to get out and about," says June. She has travelled all around America in a four-wheel drive. "I love those little bush towns," she says, "where they don't see a stranger from one week to the next." June never stays a stranger anywhere for very long. "I find it very easy to meet people," she says, "especially men."



With her mane of curly hair, her full sensual lips and her delicate features, June is unlikely not be heartily welcomed anywhere she goes. June is only 24-years-old, but she has held down a variety of jobs. "I've done everything from cooking to pest-extermination," she says, "but I never thought I'd find myself posing for *Penthouse*." Has she enjoyed herself? "My current boyfriend is a photographer," she says. "I always enjoy myself for the camera." Clearly enough, the camera enjoys June too.

Australian Penthouse Black Label Edition Video

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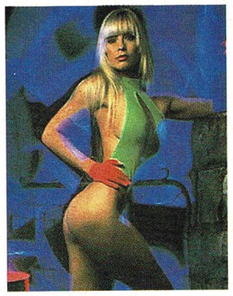

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Starring the gorgeous Savannah, this extraordinary achievement in adult viewing creates a new dimension in erotica. The action is so hot and comes so fast that it explodes with an eroticism not yet seen by Australian audiences.
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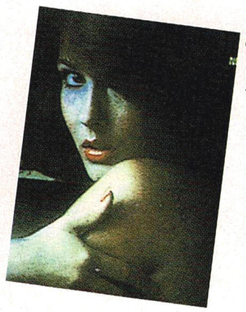

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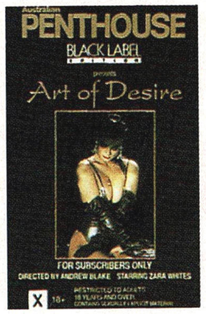

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Directed by Andrew Blake of *Night Trips* fame and starring Zara Whites, nothing beats this movie for sheer quality, sensual pleasure and innovative direction.
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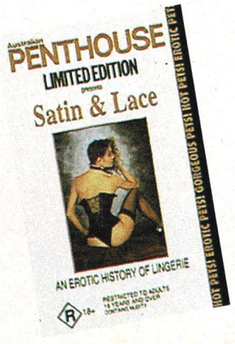

Satin and Lace (Rated R)
Penthouse's superb erotic history of lingerie is quite simply a visual banquet. Feast your eyes on the stunning Pets as they slip into, and out of, stylish lace bras, sheer-black stockings, sexy suspender belts and stilettos to die for.
Enjoy each lingering moment for $37.50

Penthouse Love Stories (Rated R)
This collection of stories and fantasies is what *Penthouse* magazine is all about — serving up entertainment that is provocative and outrageous; sensual and seductive; bizarre and erotic. Plus Xaviera Hollander offers her own inimitable brand of advice and humour.
Entertainment with a capital "E" for only $35.00

Penthouse on the Wild Side (Rated R)
A collection of erotic adventures where nothing is forbidden and the relentless pursuit of pleasure is the only rule. Included in this erotic masterpiece are explosive nude photos of a young Madonna and a look behind the scenes at the filming of *Caligula* — the most sexually provocative mainstream film ever made. Let the stunning girls of *Penthouse* show you their *WILD SIDE!*
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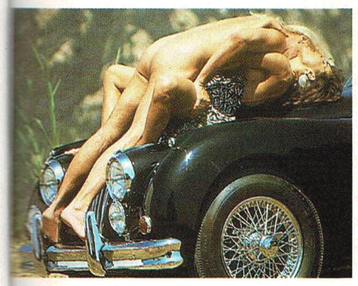

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THIS MONTH'S X-RATED RELEASE

Centrefold Volume I Julie Strain & Amy Lynn (Rated X)

Forget everything you've ever thought about centrefold models. This video is the first in a series of *Penthouse* films in which erotic and intriguing Pets reveal everything about themselves. Volume I stars the six-foot tall, dynamic actress Julie Strain who takes you to the limit as she shares her many moods and secret fantasies.

Amy Lynn, the 1992 US Pet Of The Year runner-up, is the other Pet featured in Volume I. Can you keep up with her on an unforgettable tour of her wildest dreams, fantasies and revelations? This video will ensure that you'll never again be satisfied by only seeing them on the pages of *Penthouse*. Start collecting your *Penthouse* Video Centrefolds.

Volume I is a must for **$50.**

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kickback

Continued from page 38

make their own decisions."

King said his tout, Sumio Wakamatsu — nicknamed "Nikko" — had doubled his turnover and saved his business from the threat of bankruptcy.

Rick Bennett admits he's in a better position than most Cairns small traders. His Asian Connection shop gets a "spillover" leak from the duty-free store next door. Even though Japanese guides have physically pulled tourists away from his door on several occasions, stragglers find their way back to his exotic shop front and usually make a purchase. But Bennett is worried. He fears the domino effect of toppling small businesses, not so conveniently located, will finally lead to his own downfall.

"The dominoes are falling fast. Japanese tourists have been hand-delivered into Japanese-owned shops in this town for years. Kickbacks are better organised now and more doors are being closed. This is the biggest threat to me in 17 years of business."

Although Bennett employs a Japanese shop assistant he said it's difficult to talk to her about the kickback operation because, like other Japanese employees in Cairns — and the tourists themselves — she is afraid to speak out against the system.

The wall of silence among Japanese nationals in Cairns has spread throughout the tourist industry. Loss of jobs, the threat of ridicule, the power of corporations and the influence of industry on their daily lives have all contributed to the ease with which the kickback system has spread its tentacles into Australian commerce.

Next door to Rick Bennett's shop is Bentine Duty Free, one of Cairns' high-rolling retailers. Manager Bob Vening was the only duty-free shop employee in the city who agreed, albeit reluctantly, to comment on the kickback allegations. Vening refuted all allegations of kickbacks directed at his shop and claimed the small retailers only had themselves to blame for their situation.

"It's all about sour grapes and the old Aussie knocker syndrome at work," he said. "Our main market is Japanese and we cater for them. We have identified and researched the market and have established our market niche. The local boys are ignorant and suffering, so they attack the market leaders."

Vening said Bentine was an Australian-owned chain of four duty-free shops founded in Melbourne 11 years ago. He said the company didn't pay a single cent in commissions and would be happy to see a government inquiry into the matter.

Others would also support such an inquiry. One Queensland university graduate claimed he was sacked from his job as a tour guide because he didn't make his tourists spend long enough in a Japanese owned duty-free shop.

The guide, who speaks fluent Japanese, said the Tokyo stranglehold on the Queensland travel trade extended to the point where guides were required to clock in their tour groups when they entered Japanese duty-free shops and clock them out again — making sure they stayed inside for a certain amount of time.

He said if it became known who he was he would never work in the travel industry again for breaking the "code of silence" which the Japanese take for granted.

Mafaru Antatsu, senior official at the Consul of Japan in Brisbane, insisted he was a bureaucrat and not a businessman, and therefore was not involved in the kickback scandal. He did say, however, he was concerned about the matter because tourism was important to both Australia and Japan.

Antatsu said offering commissions was a normal part of business practice in Japan as it was in other Asian countries, evolving from an ancient tradition of gift-giving.

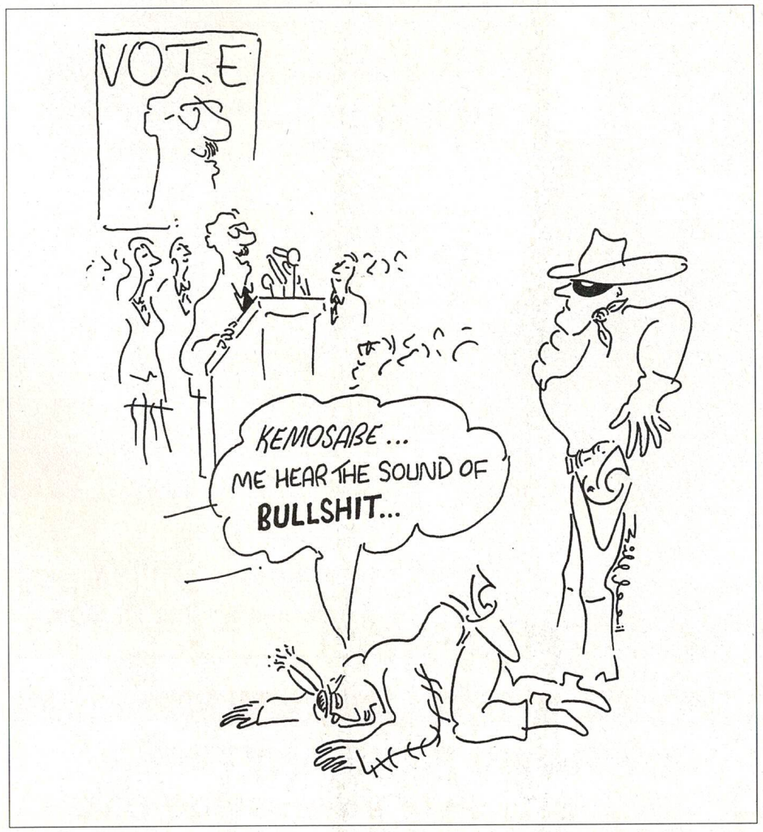
That's of little comfort to the beleaguered traders of Cairns, battling for their survival. In the cold face of an organised shut-out, an insidious blacklist, and what they see as a lame duck attitude by the Queensland Government, the business battlers deal with their uncertain reality one day at a time.

Kickback has left a nasty taste in the mouths of those who refuse to pay. A few have shut down and left Cairns to try again somewhere else. Those traders who refuse to leave or back down, say what is happening in Cairns, the Gold Coast and Sydney will happen, ultimately, wherever Japanese tourists travel. They say there is no escape from the system — you pay, or you suffer the consequences.

John King stands in the doorway of his "Aussie Down Under" shop and watches a coach disgorge its contents of well-disciplined Japanese tourists into the duty-free store across the street. His Japanese tout, Nikko, stands with him. The two men have witnessed this scene many times. Later, Nikko will try to snare a few breakaway shoppers for his boss.

It's possible Nikko finds the spectacle of his countrymen being herded in and out of shops degrading and would prefer to see them "free" shopping like other tourists.

But like the Japanese tourists themselves, Nikko isn't talking.



Bodytalking Belle

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN HARROLL

Annalisa "Charlie" Bella is the tomboy daughter of a journalist, the grand-daughter of an editor, and the great-grand-daughter of a famous author. This 19-year-old vivacious model has a way with words, but an even better way with body language.

**“Some things don’t need to be said,” laughs Annalisa. “When I meet a man,
I often find that conversation isn’t the first thing on his mind.”
Lovely Annalisa has no ambitions to write herself.
“I could tell some stories,” she says, “but nobody would ever believe them.”
But with her coquettish stare and that fatal combination of dark hair and big, blue eyes,
we doubt that she’d have a hard time getting men to pay her attention.
She finds her self-expression on the catwalk.
“I love to wear good clothes,” she says, “but I also adore taking them off.”**

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Girls' night out

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JACK HARRISON

They had been best friends since kindergarten. They had shared secrets on the phone, whispered things about boys, and cruised shopping malls together. Now the young ladies of considerable beauty, Tracy, Saskia and Lena, had taken up residence in a different city. A year had passed since they'd seen one another. A reunion was a welcome occasion.

No men were allowed. Just the three friends, sipping champagne in the oversized tub in the bridal suite of the four-star hotel that Tracy had booked. Saskia brought the bubbly. "Remember the slumber parties we used to have as kids?" Saskia asked nostalgically. The other two certainly did, and they couldn't help but note that the flannel pyjamas and stuffed animals had been replaced by tender caresses and questing tongues. After a while the meeting of lips became more familiar, stirring memories of long hidden liaisons and their pleasurable teen encounters.

LILLEE

Continued from page 52

"Before Dennis Lillee, the whole concept of bowling in India was different. He has shown what can be done. He proves his points. Before him, fast bowlers here did not train, they bowled in the nets. Now he has us training. He is the best thing in the world that has ever happened to me."

Second year student Devang Kapadai, still at university when he is not learning how to terrorize batsmen says, "all I knew was that he was coming and that I had the chance to learn from him. I got here quickly."

It's not just kids who come to hear from the master. Ravi Shastri is India's long-established opening batsman and a possible captain at the age of 32. He drops in to say hello and to face some balls from Lillee and his pack of hungry, young lions.

"Rate Dennis Lillee," you say.

"He's a legend," Shastri shoots back. "He was undoubtedly the greatest bowler of his era. He was excellent as a bowler and he is excellent as a coach."

Lillee is so well-known now in Madras that it is hard to remember that he never played a Test match there, or indeed, in India. He mixes with society and while we were there he was honoured with a commendation from the Indo-Australian Award for meritorious service.

It was given at a moving ceremony attended by Australia's High Commissioner in India, David Evans, who will jump in to tell anyone, "I saw Dennis make 73 not out against England to save the match in 1973. That was at Lord's." Lillee laughs and says he likes to remind people that he was handy with the bat, especially in the two seasons when he couldn't bowl with a spinal complaint that would have ended the career of a lesser man.

Traction. Pulleys from the ceiling. Agony. That was the cure. It sums up the man. But how does he sum up what is needed to make the grade as a fast bowler?

"The first thing I try to teach them is the mental side," he says as he settles down to explain his coaching philosophy.

"Being a quick bowler gets hard. There are days when you can't make a breakthrough. Then it comes down to how much you want to succeed.

"It all comes down to how you respond to those days when the batsman is hitting you around, the heat is killing, you have blisters, sore legs, throbbing head and back and you are getting no result. Do you keep going, or do you say, 'This is too difficult?' Ninety percent of the population give up at the first hurt. The other ten percent are the ones who make it. Not all those who make the top are the most naturally gifted. Sometimes the gifted ones find it all too easy and have nothing to fall back on when the going gets tough. This is no great secret. It is a philosophy for life not just for sport."

He is warming to the theme: "This is no great secret, but it's one of the main things I teach. I can pick a prospect, many people can see ability. But to sort out that ability. That is the art."

Lillee feels that his two or three trips a year enable him to see little flaws and errors that have crept into the actions of his charges. He can spot the ones that have gone back to concentrating purely on playing and who have not been thinking of their technique.

You have to ask why he is coaching in India and intends doing so for about ten more years. It would be flip to say "because they asked me," and he doesn't. He does say: "It had a lot to do with Ravi Mammen. When I met him I decided he was a man of integrity."

Then he gives his thoughts on where he coaches and why. "Once a month or so I coach at the WACA Ground," he says, "and I have done quite a bit 'round the country. Craig McDermott in Queensland and I have done quite a bit of work together and Queensland coach Jeff Thomson has asked me to go back."

All who remember Lillee's tearaway partner, the man who boasted that he loved to see blood on the pitch, find it hard to reconcile him with the position of Queensland coach. But Lillee says: "He is a great motivator and says that I am more technical than he is.

"I have coached in Victoria and South Australia with my old mate Rod Marsh at the academy as well as New Zealand."

Then he says: "But I will only coach if there is a sponsor who will pay for me. I will not take money out of cricket. I have never taken money from the cricket associations."

But there is one question that has to be asked. How will the man who has been more than co-operative for our article and pictures take it? One is almost hesitant to ask, remembering that this is the man who threw the metal bat, who kicked Javed Miandad, who has been known to wither journalists he doesn't like at 22 yards.

It is this: "How do you feel when Banerjee knocks over say Geoff Marsh? One of your boys taking an Australian wicket?"

No hesitation. Not a flicker of a pause, "My first thought is for the Australian," he says .

"But at the same time I want my lads to do well. But it really is the same as in the Sheffield Shield if Craig McDermott or Tony Dodemaide, who I have coached, get a wicket against Western Australia. Your home is first."

And he tells the story of his grandfather, Len Halifax, a Pommie migrant.

"Grandad was headed for Sydney but jumped ship at Fremantle. He was a cricket lover all his life and knew the game. He was proud and pleased when I played for Australia but he barracked for the Poms when we played them. I admired that. In your heart you stay with your country, even if you have moved away."

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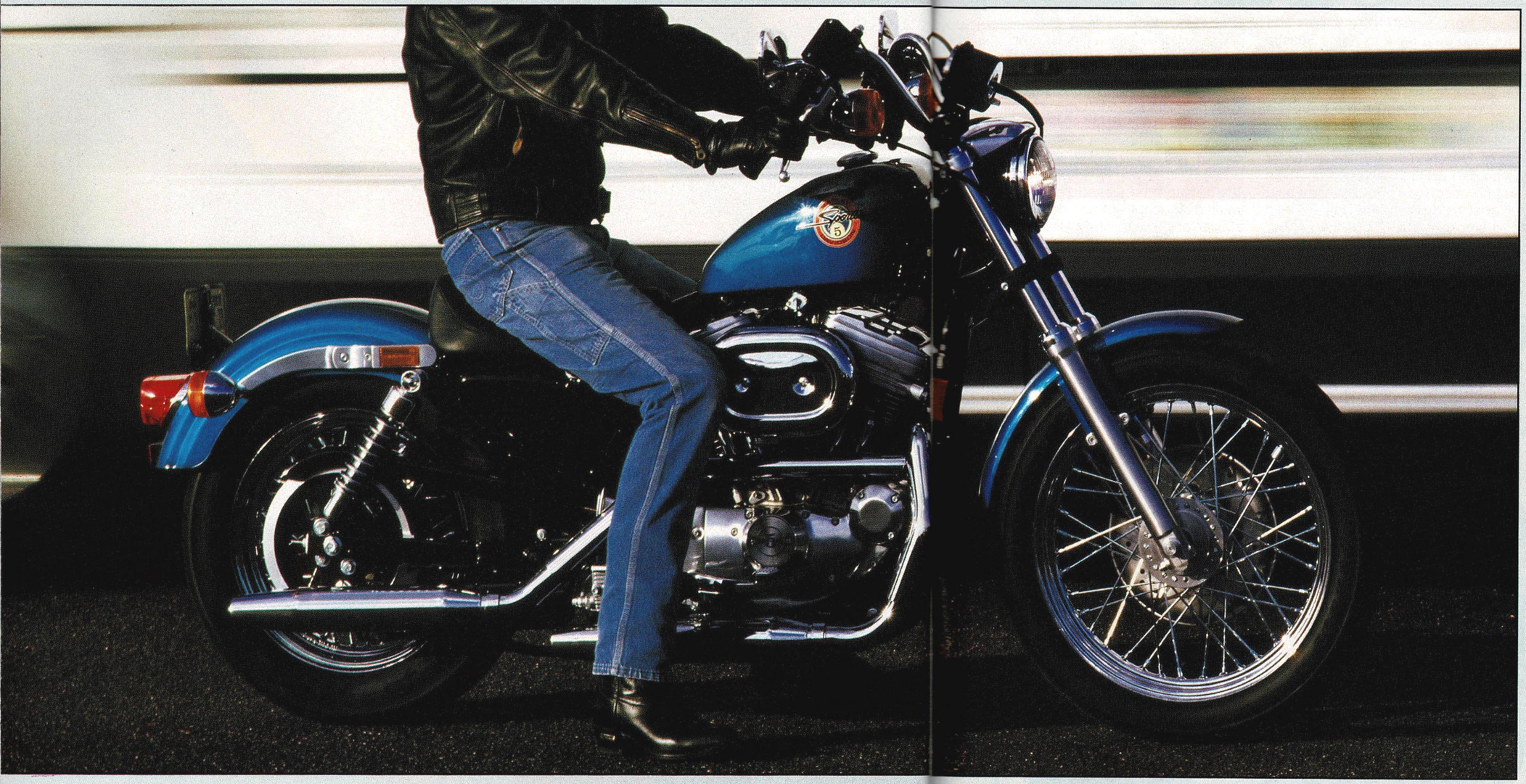

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DOG

Continued from page 86

I used to see Keegan. We'd be drinking in the same clubs, eating in a restaurant with the other gangster scum. Sometimes he'd smile at me, sometimes he'd just openly laugh. Always he'd ask, "How's it hanging, Noballs?" because he'd heard from the slags I used to take out what his beating had done to me. The night the Dog did Sergeant Moorhouse, Abbo Cody was supposed to come along. It was a big secret, a personal thing between Cody, the Dog and the police, but Cody couldn't keep his mouth shut when he had to open it to spill in piss. We were drinking at Adrian's hotel when he remembered, "Christ, I've got to go." I didn't ask, because it's better not to know, but Cody invited me along. They weren't planning to kill the man, but they wanted to hurt him badly. Moorhouse had put a bullet through Abbo's kid on the night of his first break-and-enter, and now the boy who was going to be a boxer had to be carried up the steps of South Sydney Juniors in a wheelchair. They'd set Moorhouse up with an offer of information, called him to say they'd meet him in Centennial Park to talk about the hit on Brass Paul MacLay.

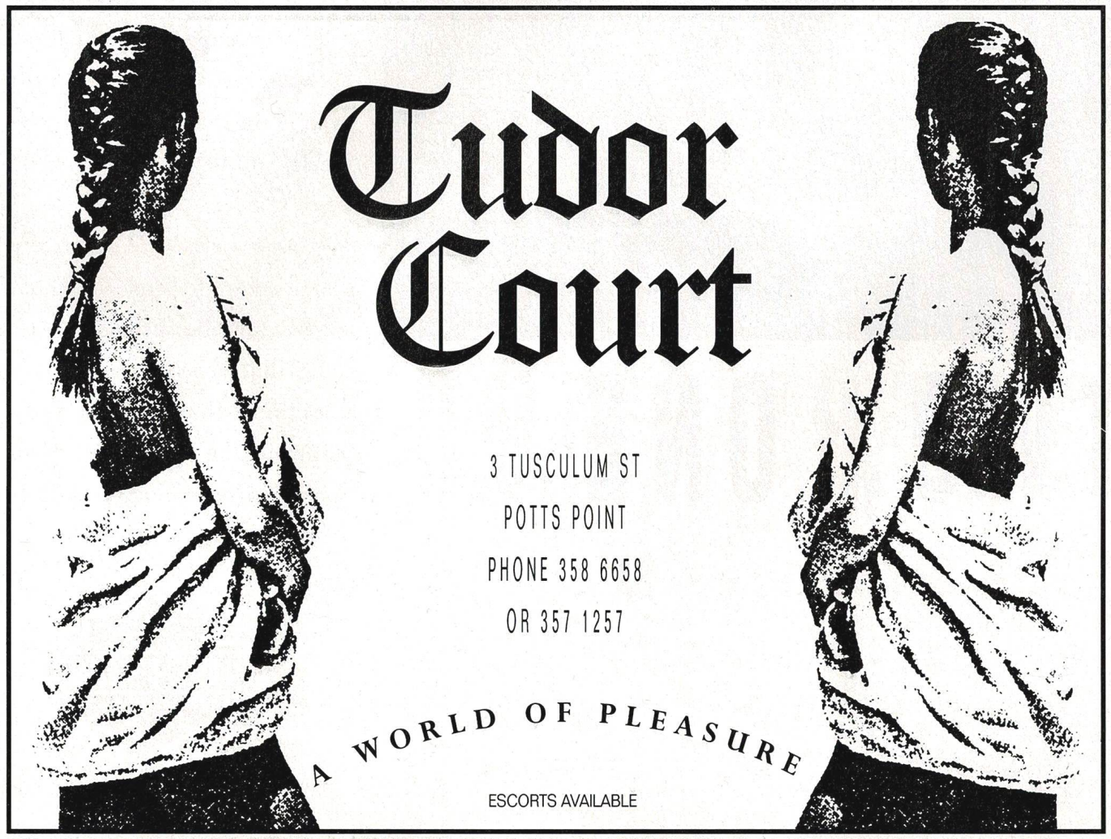
The taster they gave him let him know they were full on. We were five minutes late getting to the park, and the Dog had started the party without us. The copper was on the ground. The Dog in a balaclava stood over him with a baseball bat, smashing his ankles and knees, so he'd have to ride a spastic chariot like Abbo's boy. We were about to get out of the car when the Dog turned rabid. He threw down his club and began jumping on the copper's head, bouncing on two feet on Moorhouse's face. He jumped for a full minute, crunching the man's head under his boots. I didn't like to see that. There was no need for it. He'd already paid for what he'd done. The Dog stopped for a smoko. "Fuck," breathed Abbo, "if he ain't dead, I ain't black." The Dog leaned against a tree and looked down at what he'd done, but it wasn't enough for him. He knelt by the body and pulled out a blade. The Dog hated police. We saw what he was doing, then Abbo gunned the motor. We pulled away and pretended we'd never been there. The next day, Coleen Mack phoned to tell me that Abbo had met with a shooting accident while an unknown party was cleaning their gun. Moorhouse and Abbo were buried at the same time. I didn't go to either funeral, but the Dog mourned at Abbo's.

It was ten years after I fucked Karen, six years after Manson got life for a double-murder, four-and-a-half years after the Dog got twenty, two years after Karen got divorced, and one day after I'd met the Dog in the motel room. Keegan was in the Bourbon and Beefsteak, drinking beer and eating prawns. He had grown bigger, even his head was bigger. He had lost hair, and drowned what little he had of it in the grease that makes ex-cons stand out from people who didn't miss a whole decade of style, sucking cock for tobacco. I watched him drop sauce on his shirt, and drip lager down his buttons. He was with a woman who looked like she'd snap if he fucked her, a junkie pared down to the basics. I stood behind a pillar at the bar, and waited to get him alone. He stood up and belched, wiped his fingers on his trousers. I followed him into the toilets. He didn't notice me until he'd started to use the urinal. I stood beside him, my hands in the pockets of my jacket. "Come to see what the full tackle looks like, have you, Noballs?" he laughed. He was still laughing when I pulled the gun.

"What's the problem?" he asked, suddenly grim faced. "No problem," I said. His hands moved to zip up his flies. "Stay where you are," I warned.

"Put your hands behind your back."

"You wouldn't use that," he said. "You wouldn't know how." He stood



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DOG

there in front of me, with his cock hanging out of his trousers. I raised my gun to his face and he did as I said with his arms.

"You're gonna die," I told him. "You're gonna fucking die." I held my gun steady and kicked from the hip. I caught him hard in the crotch. He doubled over and gagged. I kneed him in the face, then grabbed him by the hair. I held his head against the cold, tiled wall, and shoved the barrel of my .38 into his mouth. I held it there for a minute, then slowly twisted it around. Loose teeth cracked. "You wouldn't," he spluttered, trying to spit out the gun.

I pulled the trigger and splattered his brains all over the wall. The Dog gave evidence for five days. I went to Victoria to say goodbye to some old mates. I came back to meet him outside the clinic. He'd sent his minders home, said he'd be okay from there on in. He passed his life to me in the hospital garden.

"Have a shit one," he said. As I padded my pockets with his forged birth certificate and a new passport with no photograph, the Dog lunged at me, but I caught him and knocked the wind out of him.

Empty of hope, he tried again. I punched him on the jaw and he folded. I pulled my .38 out of my jacket and rammed it into his mouth. "Try that again," I said, "and you're fucking dead." I moved the gun away, but kept the barrel trained on his face. "If you're gonna be the new me," he said, "what the fuck am I gonna do?"

"Dunno," I shrugged. I didn't care. He was a Dog. "You could try being me, but that might not be much fun at the moment."

"Who the hell are you anyway?" he asked. "You," I told him. I went in for surgery, had collagen implants in my cheeks to force out the wrinkles with fat. It took ten years off me, but I'd looked ten years older than I was since I was 15. They took off my small tattoos with lasers, the larger ones with skin grafts. They dyed my hair yellow to the roots, and gave strict instructions as to how to maintain it. They told me to grow a thick black moustache to cover the shape of my mouth. They instructed me to work out, get bigger and change my body shape. They suggested new ways of walking, less like a gangster. "I didn't recognise you," said the copper when they brought me my money and my new address. They drove me in an unmarked car to a country town near Cairns, and left me sweating in the tropical heat in my old gangster leather.

Queensland was good to me. I found a woman called Sandra, a dental nurse. I told her I was a rodeo cowboy, to explain all the scars and the mess they had made of my teeth. She was a pretty, quiet blonde, and she fell in love with me; not just with the "me" I'd created, but the real me. I couldn't tell her the truth about what I'd done, but I could tell her the way I felt about things, and she felt that way too. We went out together for two months before we fucked, and when we did it was beautiful, like it was with Karen. I could let her hold me, and I felt safe. We moved into a unit together, and I got a job as a cellar man in a hotel. I was happy for the first time since I was 15. After a year, I even lost my twitch.

One day, I was down with the barrels, when the gaffer shouted down the hatch that some old mates from Sydney had turned up on the doorstep. There were two hatches, one that led from the bar to the pumps and another that opened outside onto the pavement, where the delivery lorries would unload the beer. I made a dash for the far ladder and scrambled out into the street. Waiting there for me were Paul Mailer and Gerry the Clown. Stephie the Wog came up behind me from the cellar. "Dog," spat Mailer. "We know who you are."

"What the fuck are you talking about?" I asked.

"You grassed on Jimmy the Skull and Tony the Slav." I didn't understand.

"Mailer," I said, "it's me, Seanie Callaghan."

"We know who you are," Mailer repeated. "You're the Dog, and you're gonna fucking die."

"I never grassed on anybody," I said. "Come on Mailer, I've known you since I was 16."

"What does he mean?" asked Clown. "I thought you didn't know the Dog?"

"I don't," Mailer shrugged.

"We used to roll derros together," I told Mailer. "Remember the time..."

"I used to roll derros with Seanie Noballs," Mailer agreed, "but Noballs went swimming in petrol and lit a cigarette. He never did know when to stop smoking."

"We've been looking for you for a long time, Dog," said the Clown. "You're a clever cunt, but somebody tipped us off about your cover. They told us your name, where we'd find you, even what you looked like now."

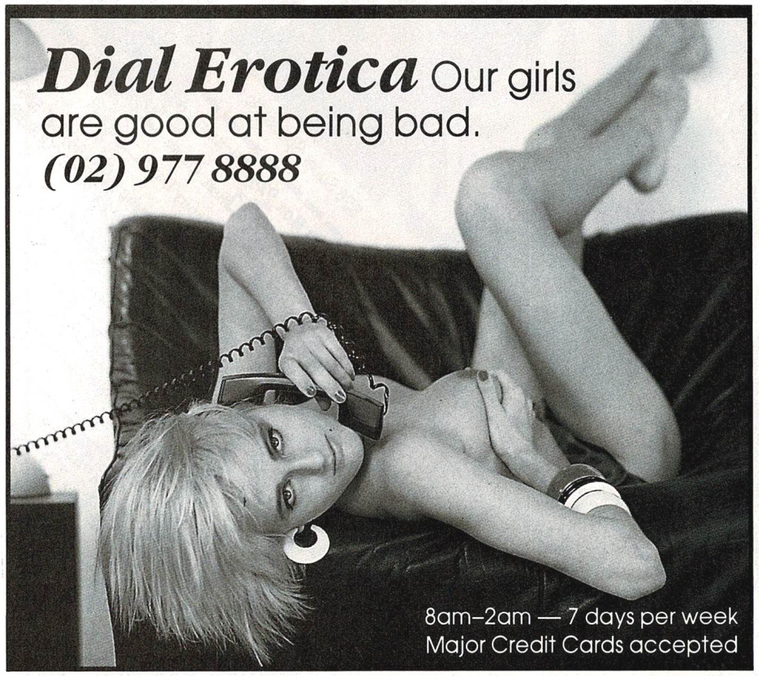
"Dyed blonde hair," recited the Wog, "nosejob, earrings, moustache, no tatts, fatter round the cheeks, bigger than you'd think."

"I'm not the fucking Dog!" I shouted. "We traded places. I'm Seanie Callaghan. The Dog burned himself to death."

"If you're Seanie Noballs," said Mailer, "what's happened to your twitch? No doctor could've seen to that." I tried to force a spasm, but it wouldn't come.

"How do you know so fucking much about me and Noballs anyway?" Mailer demanded. "I reckon you had something to do with the way he died. He wasn't the type to finish himself off."

Before I could answer him, he shoved the barrel of his .38 into my mouth. "This is for Seanie," said Mailer, pulling the trigger. "He was a good kid." ○



trade SECRETS

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN HARROLL

You'll never get a straight answer if you ask Toi about her former job as a nightclub hostess. "Honey, the things I could tell you would make your pretty little head spin. You just don't want to know the things I saw," says the 24-year-old beauty.
Toi loves travelling and has recently spent two months touring America's capital cities. Because of what she terms as "cash flow problems" she found herself working in one of the country's most exclusive nightclubs.

"Don't get me wrong, I like the nightclub scene. It's just really weird."
Surely there must have been benefits, like available men?
"Honey," she says leaning forward conspiratorially,
"everyone's available in a nightclub."

forum

Continued from page 8

my face between her youthful firm thighs and began licking the outer lips with my tongue. I felt the goose bumps on her thighs and knew this was giving Julie a lot of pleasure as I licked and nibbled on her bullet-hard clit. I lowered myself onto her and slowly began to slide my cock up and down her juice-soaked slit. She must have been in a bigger hurry than I, as she grabbed around, took hold of my arse and pulled me into her with all her strength. "Come on baby," she cried out, "just fuck me as hard as you can."

I could feel my balls slapping as we rammed each other closer to our upcoming orgasms. She had reached around and was massaging my balls and the base of my cock as it was sliding in and out of her dripping love tunnel. She was arching her back into a bow so that we could get better penetration. Julie was thrashing her legs around and groaning as she began her orgasm. Her pussy was jumping all over the place as she tensed up and let out a high-pitched squeal as she came. It was time for my relief now. As she recovered and squeezed my balls, I continued thrusting into her.

I could sense I was going to come within a few more thrusts so I let my glistening cock slide out. Julie wrapped her feminine hand around it and with a few wanking strokes, I let my load go in total ecstasy over her tanned body with the first spurts landing on her tits. There was more come in a single spurt than in an entire normal ejaculation. As the final few spurts trickled onto her tummy I collapsed on top of her with my come squelching between us. We just lay there in the hot sun in this position until we both gathered our strength and jumped back into the pool. For the rest of the afternoon we just cooled off in the pool playing with each others organs. Ever since that day Julie and I have been able to 'make it' once a week. I thought I could share our little secret to the rest of the world. — *Name and address withheld*

Brother-in-law love

Just reflecting on something that happened several years ago between my wife, myself and our brother-in-law. Tony showed a lot of interest in Sasha, always saying what a sexy woman she was and that he would love nothing more than to make love to her. I told Sasha of Tony's fantasies and asked if she would ever consider fucking the both of us at once. She laughed this off saying Tony wouldn't find her attractive, as her sister, his wife, was much prettier. Several weeks went by with Tony forever reminding me of his fantasies. Meanwhile I was keeping the idea fresh in Sasha's mind.

Then one day we managed to be alone, just the three of us. We were shooting some pool. You could feel the excitement in the air with Tony flirting with Sasha constantly. The sight of Sasha bending over the pool table was too much for Tony and he said he might go home. He was no sooner out of the driveway, when Sasha and I raced to the bedroom and undressed. Sasha lay on the bed and spread those luscious legs of hers, exposing the most beautiful, wet, glistening cunt you could ever hope to see. I went down and licked her hole like a wild man. As I was lapping at her inner thighs, I said it was a pity we didn't ask Tony to join us, as it would be good for her to be sucking Tony's cock as I licked her out. To my surprise, she said it would be lovely.

So I rang Tony and asked him to come over and join us, but he didn't believe me until I put Sasha on and she convinced him that is was no joke. Tony was over in a flash. I met him at the front door and told him to strip naked, which he did.

We walked to the bedroom where Sasha was waiting. I went to the far side of the bed and started to kiss her passionately. Tony climbed in the other side and Sasha immediately turned her attention to him. Hands seemed to be everywhere, we were fondling Sasha all over. She reached out and had a cock in each hand as she was kissing Tony. He started kissing his way down her body towards her beautiful cunt, which I was fingering furiously. I then got in position to stick my cock in her mouth as Tony licked her slit. I pulled her legs up and back towards her chest to open her cunt up for Tony. I had never seen Sasha so excited, we could do anything we liked to her. Tony moved up to where Sasha was slurping on my cock. He moved his big thick cock towards her mouth and she couldn't get it in quick enough. She sucked and licked it for all she was worth. I could see she was making the most of this new and different-tasting cock.

She sat on my face as she sucked cock. Tony then said he wanted to fuck my lovely wife. So she got into a doggy position,. Tony got behind and slipped his fat cock into her fuck-hole.

I lay on the bed in front of her so she could suck me off. What a great sight that was, to see her sucking my cock, her tits swaying back and forth, as Tony was hammering her from behind. It was all too much for me. I shot my load into her mouth, Sasha didn't miss a beat as she swallowed my come.

As I recovered, Tony and Sasha switched positions with Sasha on top. I lay on the bed behind them. I was only inches away watching Tony's cock slip in and out of Sasha's cunt. Each time his cock came out it was smeared with Sasha's cunt cream. Tony grunted like an animal and exploded into her. He rolled off and I watched their mixed juices dribble out of my darling's cunt. After watching that, I was feeling horny again. She looked at me wickedly and said, "Come and fuck me hon." The feeling of sticking my cock up her sloppy

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come-filled cunt was lovely. I will remember it always. — *Name and address withheld*

Birthday gift

It was my best friend's 18th birthday and he was living with my girlfriend and I. It was a Friday night and we'd had our fair share of drinks, so the atmosphere was hot and horny with the pornos being played on the video.

My girlfriend, Roxy, who was already in a sexy laced teddy suit, and I had serious plans for Mark as well as our own fantasy to fulfill. Mark had also told me one of his fantasies and little did he know it was about to happen. The porno finished and Mark was having trouble hiding the effect it had on him, so I nodded to Roxy to begin the fun. She sculled down her drink and stood up, grabbed Mark's hand and took him into the bedroom.

She left the door ajar so I could see through the crack. While they were leaving the room I had sat down on the sofa and pretended to go to sleep. After a couple of minutes, I got off the sofa and went to the bedroom door to look through.

There they were, standing kissing passionately with Roxy's hand down the front of Mark's jeans. His hands were slowly moving their way down the front of her dressing gown to caress her hungry mound. Just before he got there she pushed him back and waved a finger at him. She removed her dressing gown from her delicate shoulders and let it drop to the floor. Seeing those luscious big breasts and her beautiful mound of perfect pussy, made him nearly bust through his jeans and pounce on her like a lion would its prey. She proceeded to take off his jeans and jocks to release his now rock-hard love monster. She took off his shirt and massaged his nipples with her tongue.

Breathing deeply and loudly he slipped his hands around to her perfectly shaped arse-cheeks that just happened to be facing me.

This really turned me on and before I knew it I had entered the room. She traced her kisses down his chest, over his stomach and ever so gently licked the eye of his cock, with one hand full of arse and the other stroking up and down his throbbing shaft.

I walked to Mark with a vibrator in one hand and ice cubes in the other and I told him, "Keep going, she's drunk and probably thinks you're me." I put my playtools down and ripped up some stockings so I could tie her up and blindfold her. With my teeth I undid the bow that was holding the teddy suit on. I removed the lace suit and blindfolded her, tying her spread-eagled to the four bedposts. Now she didn't know who was at what end of her, so it was Mark's turn to do some teasing of his own. He took the ice cubes and let them melt drip by drip on her chin and down her throat. Her tongue was lashing in and out as if she were trying to catch some come. Then the ice cubes were moved over her luscious breasts and nipples until they stood hard and erect. One cube was left sitting in her cleavage and another in her belly button to melt by the extreme heat coming off her gorgeous body. With the pulsating pelvic motions that were being released from her aroused womanhood, I felt her hunger for something to fill her luscious mound of a cunt. I picked up the vibrator, turned it on and slowly slid it into her thirsty cunt, twisting it round and slipping it in and out. Lubricating one finger with her love juices that were dripping down to her arse, I followed the trail and began to finger her arsehole.

Her mouth was open with the joy of me finger-fucking her arse and the vibrator in her love tunnel and Mark thought he would take the opportunity to fill her mouth with his cock. While she was trying to suck his brains out through his throbbing cock, I was working furiously on her cunt and arse. In minutes Roxy had an earth-shaking orgasm and I knew from the way she gives head Mark was on the verge of coming as well, so I suggested that we swap ends. We untied her from all fours but left on the blindfold. Making her display doggy style, I gave the vibrator to Mark. He slid the vibrator into her wet and drowned cunt and slowly eased his cock into her arse, while I showed her head to my own cock which was longing for a tremendous blow-job. The rhythm was perfect, the thrust of the vibrator in her cunt and the cock ready to explode up her arse made the head-job I was getting electric.

As for the timing, ecstasy engulfed the three of us. As Roxy's hand worked furiously on her clit, Mark withdrew his cock and released his load all over her back and the crack of her arse. As he was taking out the soaked vibrator, I could hold back no longer. I exploded with a shudder, come pumping out of my hard cock and down the back of her throat. She sucked every last drop out of me until I was drained completely. Roxy took off her blindfold and we all collapsed on the bed in exhaustion. Cheekily, I turned and asked Mark what he was doing for his 21st. But that will be another day. — *Name and address withheld*

Forward pass

My boyfriend, Bob, has been playing rugby since high school and after watching him play on Saturday afternoon I commented to him about the hunkiness of his team mates, especially John, a tall extremely well-hung black man.

One Friday night we arrived home after a hot night of dancing at a local nightclub. I was feeling hot and horny and Bob told me he would have a surprise for me when we got home. I decided to surprise him first and as soon as we got inside the front door, I dropped to my knees, released his eight-inch cock and sucked it hungrily into my mouth. Bob moaned deeply as I took his whole shaft deep down my throat and stroked his balls. I could taste his sweet pre-come in my mouth and this turned me on so much I was nearly coming myself. Bob was pushing hard against the back of my head with both his hands and I managed to engulf all of his hot, throbbing cock in my mouth as I increased my tempo, bobbing up and down, bringing him closer and closer to orgasm.

To my surprise and delight, I felt another pair of hands begin to stroke my legs and slowly unbutton my long silk skirt, getting closer and closer to my dripping wet cunt. I caught a glimpse of those sensuous hands moving upward. They were black! I nearly exploded with excitement when I realised it must be John and I was about to be fucked with his massive cock. While keeping Bob's pulsating cock deep in my throat I stood up as John pushed my dress up around my waist. My head was swirling with excitement as my cunt was now laid wide-open ready to be fucked and Bob was now pumping his tool into my throat deep and faster.

John fingered my clit with his right hand and I came immediately. As his left hand massaged my left nipple and I felt his cock touch my cunt I could feel a torrent of love juices running down my legs.

John slowly entered me, filling me like I've never been filled before. His cock was massive and I could feel every inch stretching my aching cunt to breaking point. I came again, thrusting backwards onto his enormous fuck pole. Then I went into a long continuous orgasm as his whole 13 inches sank into me to the hilt.

The agonising ecstasy of all that cock bursting me open inside was indescribable. He began pistoning in and out of me and at this point I was moaning like a bitch on heat, wanting it to last forever. John kept massaging my clit and my tits, driving me over the edge again and again.

Bob couldn't hold back any longer and with my face buried in his groin he let loose with a huge torrent of sperm deep down my throat. I drank every drop, stroking his jerking balls as he came. Then as I came up for air, he spurted a last few delicious drops of come onto my lips. John was picking up speed, fucking me harder and my stretching cunt made loud, sucking noises as his monster ploughed in and out of me. My shaking legs couldn't hold my weight any longer and I dropped to my knees while he continued to ram it into me, pounding my arse with his hips. Every thrust threw me into a spasm of orgasmic delight, as I thrashed my head from side to side feeling his cock fuck me deeper than I ever thought possible. I moaned incoherently for him to keep it going forever and never stop.

With a series of massive jerks, John came incredibly deep inside me unloading his sperm for what seemed like hours. Then we all collapsed, totally satisfied and totally exhausted. — *Name and address withheld*

Open love

My wife and I are avid readers of *Penthouse* and many times have read *Forum* letters and made love. We can now contribute our own experience for your readers to enjoy.

Both my wife and I are in the Royal Australian Air Force. We had both been through hectic times at work. My wife had been working long hours at night and I had just got back from a five-week mission in Asia so it was nice to rediscover each other. We made love and slept in. One day we decided to go down to a beach, get our gear off and catch some great Aussie sun on our bodies.

We found a fairly private beach and quickly stripped off our cossies, lay down on soft towels and relaxed. It was nice to be alone together and I looked at my wife and realised how beautiful she was. I reached over and kissed her mouth and held her close. The next thing I knew, we were kissing passionately and my hands moved down to fondle her full breasts, which were covered with suntan oil. She reached down and felt for my rock-hard tool, which was also covered with oil. She gently began to squeeze and pull at me and soon had a good rhythm going. I responded by reaching for her cunt and stroking her clit with the same rhythmic pattern. There we were masturbating each other on a public beach, which was fine until I noticed a lady walking down the beach towards us.

We reluctantly stopped and waited for this woman to pass by, but we decided to resume our activities after a quick swim to cool down. We headed into the water and before long I was sitting down comfortably in waist-deep water, watching my wife dive and swim about. She swam up to me and positioned herself on top of my cock, which was still quite hard. She only just let the tip of my rod into her cunt lips and looked me hard in the eyes with a wicked grin on her face. I placed my hands underneath her arse and she moved down hard onto me and began fucking me, her cunt gripping at my cock, milking it as she rode me. I moved one of my fingers into her arse. This

Ecstasy...

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always sends her over the top and, sure enough, she began to moan loudly as we both came and fell back into the cooling waters.

We swam about for a couple of hours and lay down in the sun and cuddled for the rest of the afternoon before travelling home.

We often think back to that day and although the experience was quite tame compared to some of your other readers, we remember it fondly every time our four-year-old son smiles up at us, as we are convinced that he was conceived that day in Fanny Bay. — *Name and address withheld*

Bali custom

Bali, what an interesting place. It's still in my mind and it will never change. My mates and I were there for four days just soaking up the sun and at night trying to pick up women. Well we really picked up! These four girls from Melbourne were animals and knew how to party. We had our girls and went our separate ways.

Julie was her name. She had brown hair and brown eyes and her tits were large. I couldn't wait to get my mouth around them. After partying, we returned to her hotel and went swimming. I got a real eyeful of her tanned body and tits. We swam, hugged and kissed but I couldn't hide my erect cock pressing against her groin. I could feel her warm cunt through my swimmers. I couldn't help being a little embarrassed, but all I wanted was to feel her moist cunt. I was going crazy. My hormones were like a lotto draw, bouncing around just dying to break free. After the swim, we wandered back to her room. I felt a little nervous as I have been in a relationship for four years and my girl and I have great sex. She insisted on leaving the light off, but all I wanted was to see her nipples and her luscious pussy. As we kissed and fooled around a bit, she grabbed my cock, and I couldn't handle it any longer. I just had to see her. I started to take her clothes off. Her soft moaning increased as her swimmers fell to the floor. I grabbed her pussy with such intense force she whispered in my ear, "Fuck me Benjamin, fuck me hard!" Her pussy was really wet when I fingered her hole and her clit was like a huge boiled lolly ready to be sucked. She lay on the bed begging me to eat her. I plunged my tongue into her juicy love-box. I could just smell the faint aroma of pussy. I chewed and sucked as if there was no tomorrow.

She wiggled and shook as she exploded in multiple orgasms. I wanted the light on and she said okay in a really seductive way. I then proceeded to fuck her doggie style, what a sight from behind, a cute little arse pumping my cock.

She told me she wanted to fuck me so I lay on the bed and she grabbed my cock and slowly pumped. This chick knew how to pump a cock. She held my tool with one hand and I could feel her breathing getting stronger as she eased down on me. I remember how hot and wet she was because she fucked my dick with such ease. Her whole body was moving with every ride and her juice flowed all over my cock. That's one thing I love, sex juices dripping from a cunt. My time was up, I exploded with streams of come shooting into her already soaking pussy. We then cuddled and talked and all I could feel was the wetness of our bodies and the sex juices dripping on our groins, a mixture of pussy-juice and come. The next day we had to go back to Sydney, so I got her address with a promise to come and see her, which I did not long after.

I picked her up at her house in a limo and we went to dinner.

After dinner we went back to my hotel room, I put on some nice soft music and we danced close. She undressed me and I undressed her. She jumped away and started to dance and all I could see was a blur of flesh in front of me.

She'd hinted before about tying her up, so I grabbed her and did just that. I blindfolded her and put her on all fours on the bed. I noticed her panties were extremely wet and juice was slowly leaking down her inner thighs. I licked and played with her nipples and slowly made my way down to her soaking box. I couldn't wait.

I tore her panties off and plunged my cock deep inside her waiting hole. She started to take control by squeezing every inch of my dick. I was loving it, and she was screaming, "Oh fuck I love your cock!"

I couldn't hold my load and just shot streams of semen all over her arse. We both then jumped in the bath and we talked about past fucks and future ones, but we didn't discuss arse fucking, although I plan on getting around to that next time! — *Name and address withheld*

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BLACK LABEL EDITION

forum

First time

Mary was 17 when we first met. She had the largest tits of the all the young girls in my town and I, being a tit man, used to dream of sucking them. My luck changed when at 22 I had the pleasure of getting my cock into her hairless little fanny and as I lay naked next to her in bed, I asked her to marry me.

That started two wonderful years of sex. She always wanted me to fuck her at least twice a night. Mary loved sex so much that one night she convinced me to try a threesome. We lived next door to a farmer and he had two sons who often visited him. One of the sons was 18 and a little shy, especially when my wife Mary was talking to him. One night he explained that he was doing a play at uni, in which he had to kiss a girl. The problem was he had never kissed one and was very nervous. Mary suggested he practice on her and I agreed. John was still nervous and I took him aside and showed him some *Penthouse* magazines to explain what women liked and how to hold them. He had never actually seen a woman naked and he became quite turned-on while looking at the shots of naked girls.

John came over to our place and Mary was wearing a little bikini as she walked around the house. John was sitting on the lounge and Mary plopped down next to him. "I know you like tits," Mary said as she pulled down the top of her bikini. I thought John would explode, he stammered but answered that he did, and could not take his eyes off Mary's huge chest and large pale nipples. She took John's hand and gently ran it over her chest. He began to squeeze Mary's tits and was losing some of his shyness. He squeezed both her tits quite hard and she moaned and tilted back her head and pushed them forward into his hands. He pulled at her nipples until they were erect and she was really getting turned-on. Mary stood up and faced John as he sat on the lounge. She very slowly pulled her bikini bottom down to her knees and let him look closely at her hairless pussy as she stood only an inch from his face. She pulled her lips apart and stroked her clit until she was very wet.

"Do you like this?" she whispered.

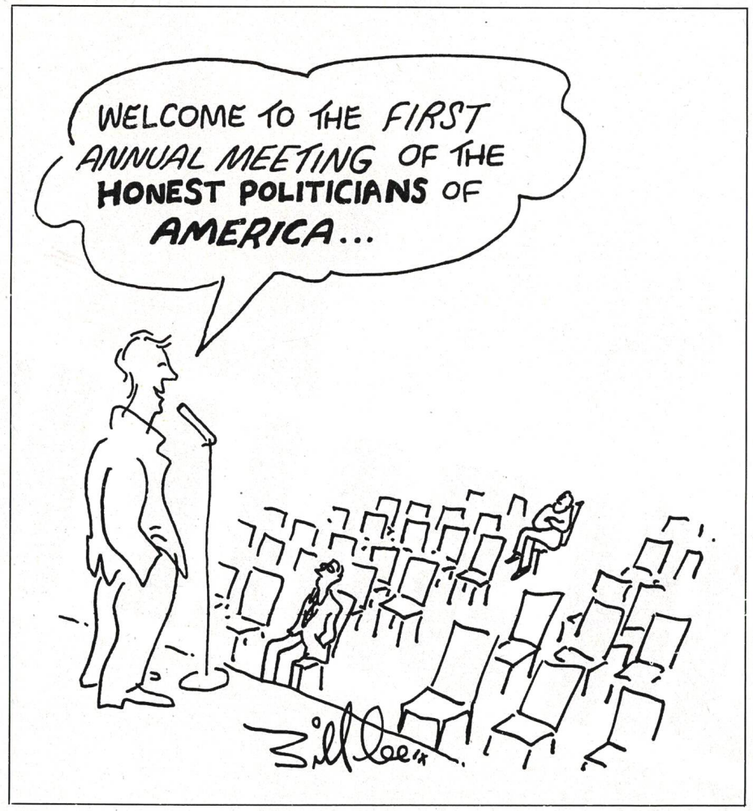
John nodded.

"Would you like to lick me?" Mary asked, and pulled John's head into her cunt. He lapped at her and she moaned with delight. I was very horny watching my wife instruct this shy boy, and noticed that John's cock was very hard. Mary climaxed and immediately told John to take off his pants. She wanted to suck him.

John stood up and she roughly pulled his shorts down. His young cock was hard and pulsating as my wife's mouth engulfed it. John moaned and shuddered to what was a very quick orgasm. Afterwards he went home, a little embarrassed but very grateful of his first sexual experience. Mary and I were so turned-on by what had happened that we began fucking wildly as soon as he left, hoping for more opportunities to involve John again.

We were not disappointed. The next night John found an excuse to come over and we all began to make love. Mary taught John how to fuck her in different positions while I watched, and we were all very satisfied.

John returned to uni and next holiday brought home his new girlfriend, Ellen, to meet us. She looked about 19 and was very petite. She had a tight little butt and small rounded breasts. When they joined us for a barbie later that week we knew that John had told Ellen about Mary and I instructing him, and she was keen to join in. Ellen sat down beside me and lifted her dress to show me her young pussy. I bent down and started to lick and nibble at her clit while Mary and John watched from across the room. I lifted Ellen onto our dining table and removed my clothes. She kept her dress on and I pulled her lace panties down to her ankles, pushing her knees up onto her chest and exposing her gaping wet cunt. I plunged my rod inside her as she was on the edge of the table. John and Mary came closer to watch us. They were really turned-on and began kissing each other. Mary reached over and fondled my balls as I fucked Ellen hard. John moved around the edge of the table and stuck his prick into her open mouth. The sensation of fucking her tight little cunt and watching her suck greedily on John's prick was too much. I pulled my cock out and came all over her pink cunt-lips and arsehole. She was not satisfied though, and John withdrew his cock from her mouth and using my juice, which was all around her cunt, gently eased his cock into her arsehole. She groaned with pleasure and he slowly began fucking her arse. He came almost immediately and pulled out. Mary pushed back on Ellen's knees and began licking her cunt until she came with a loud, satisfied scream.



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BLACK LABEL EDITION

forum

We were all to share a lot more threesome and foursome experiences during John and Ellen's holiday with us, but that's another story. — *Name and address withheld*

Ride of her life

I had been visiting my sister in Melbourne recently and was not looking forward to the long coach trip home, a 12-hour ride.

Luckily the seat next to mine was unoccupied so I was able to stretch out and sleep right through the tea break.

As the coach set off again following the tea break, the off-duty driver told me that a male passenger would be getting on at the next stop and asked if I'd mind if that passenger sat next to me. He said the man often caught this coach and vouched for his integrity.

I had seen my husband, a commercial traveller, very seldom over the past two years, and consequently I was hungry for both sexual and social interaction with the opposite sex. I found myself looking forward to meeting my companion with excitement and anticipation, although I didn't really know why.

It was very dark when he finally climbed on board the coach, so I had no idea what he looked like but there was no mistaking the feel of his muscular thigh against mine as he sat down. I knew I should have moved away but his masculine presence caused a warm, pleasant glow to infuse my starved pussy and I could not tear myself away.

For the next 100 kilometres or so we chatted, but I don't even remember what we talked about, as I was conscious only of the fact that my cunt was getting warmer and wetter all the time.

He must have somehow sensed it because he put his hand tentatively on my thigh. My lack of reaction encouraged him further.

He put his arms around me and kissed me hard, running his tongue sensuously around my lips, tongue and face. By now my cunt was dripping wet and so hot I thought I would explode. He was breathing very heavily, obviously feeling as aroused as I was.

He groped inside the stretchy tights I was wearing and the next instant his fingers were expertly probing the moist warmth between my legs and massaging my swollen clit.

I came almost immediately and once I started I simply could not stop. My cunt muscles gripped his fingers and my warm, sticky juice flowed in wave after wave of wonderful orgasm. When I finally stopped he removed his fingers from my wet pussy and licked them, then he kissed me again and I tasted my own sweet come for the first time in my life.

His trousers were so tight I couldn't touch his cock, although I could tell it was as hard as a rock.

For the next few hundred miles his hands probed and fondled every part of my body that he could reach beneath my loose clothing and we didn't stop kissing the whole time.

When I reached my destination, the journey I had dreaded seemed to have taken no time at all. He said he would be back through my town in a few days and we made tentative arrangement to meet. He told me he couldn't wait to taste my hot pussy.

I really didn't expect him to show up but when I went to our prearranged meeting place he was there. As I didn't live very far away and knew my husband was interstate, I took him home.

We started kissing as soon as we got inside, then I led him to the spare bedroom and we both undressed. He had a lean, muscular body and was obviously very fit.

He went down on my hot cunt and began gobbling it almost immediately, weaving magic with his tongue until I could have passed out from sheer pleasure.

Then it was his turn, and I took his stiff cock into my mouth, running my hot tongue up one side, over the smooth tip and down the other side.

I licked his balls and flicked my tongue up and down the inside of his thighs and began to suck on his cock in earnest.

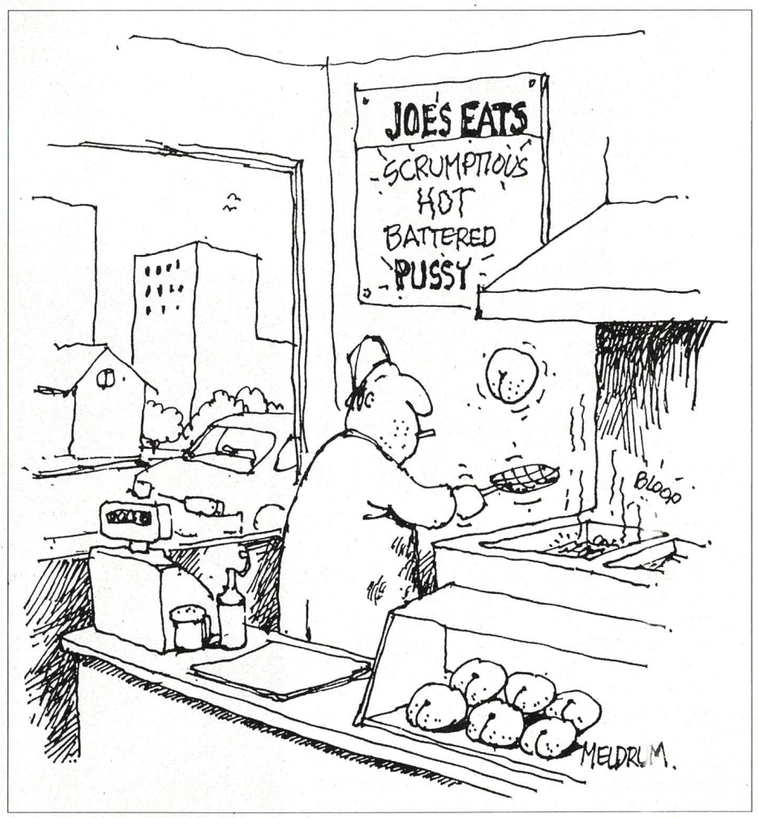
When he finally shoved this delightful cock into my hungry cunt I was aching for him.

We fucked for 40 minutes solid, in every position imaginable, then he withdrew and spurted his creamy fluid all over my firm breasts. I smeared it over my chest and stomach, spreading it over as much of me as I could. We bathed together afterwards.

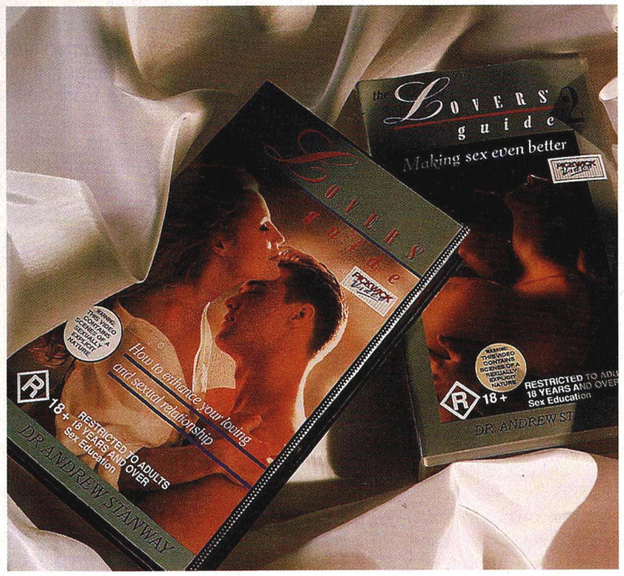
I have never been fucked so thoroughly in my life. My cunt was sore for days and my leg muscles ached.

I later realised that I did not even know his name.

He said he often passed through this town and promised me I would again have the ride of my life. — *Name and address withheld*



loose ends

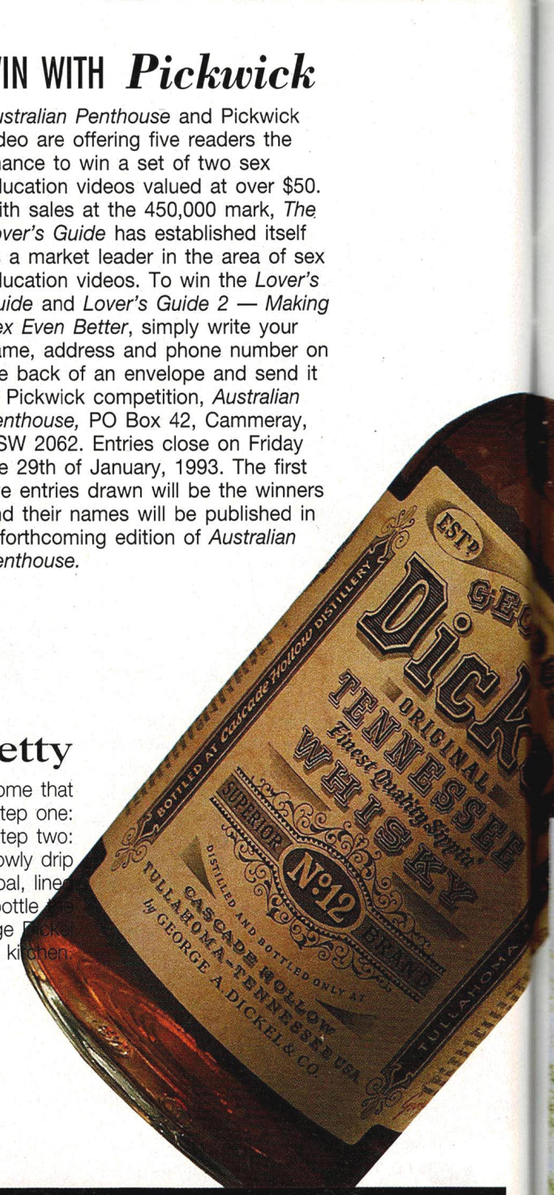


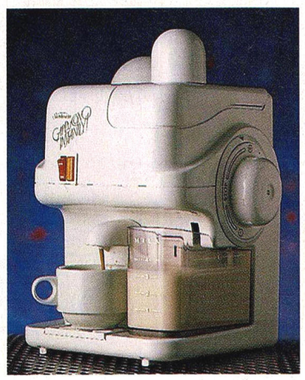
WIN WITH *Pickwick*

Australian Penthouse and Pickwick video are offering five readers the chance to win a set of two sex education videos valued at over $50. With sales at the 450,000 mark, *The Lover's Guide* has established itself as a market leader in the area of sex education videos. To win the *Lover's Guide* and *Lover's Guide 2 — Making Sex Even Better*, simply write your name, address and phone number on the back of an envelope and send it to Pickwick competition, *Australian Penthouse,* PO Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062. Entries close on Friday the 29th of January, 1993. The first five entries drawn will be the winners and their names will be published in a forthcoming edition of *Australian Penthouse.*

sippin' pretty

If you tried really hard, you could probably make a sippin' whiskey at home that would compare with the famous George Dickel Tennessee sippin' whisky. Step one: take water and grain to make a mash, add yeast and secret ingredients. Step two: ferment the mash, twice. Step three: distil the fermented mash. Step four: slowly drip the fermented mash through specially prepared vats of sugar-maple charcoal, lined with virgin-wool blankets. (Better results are achieved in winter.) Step five: bottle it. produce. Then again, you could just go down and buy a bottle of George Dickel sippin' whiskey from the local bottle shop. It'd save the mess in the kitchen.





WIN WITH SUNBEAM

This month, *Australian Penthouse* and Sunbeam are offering readers the chance to win a Delonghi cappuccino maker. Two of these revolutionary machines — appropriately called "Cappuccino Instantly" — are up for grabs. To win one of these machines, valued at $249, write your name, address and phone number on the back of an envelope and send it to Sunbeam competition, *Australian Penthouse*, PO Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062. Entries close on Friday the 29th of January, 1993. The first two entries drawn will be the winners and their names will be published in a upcoming edition of *Australian Penthouse*.

LIQUID GOLD

With nine gold medals from four wine shows (Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, and Perth) the Old Winery range from Tyrell's is literally a taste of gold. The Old Winery range offers four great Hunter Valley varieties: chardonnay, semillon, shiraz and pinot noir. Tyrrell's has been perfecting the art of wine production for 134 years. The Old Winery range is a golden example of their expertise. Available from most leading liquor stockists.

AND THE WINNERS ARE . . .

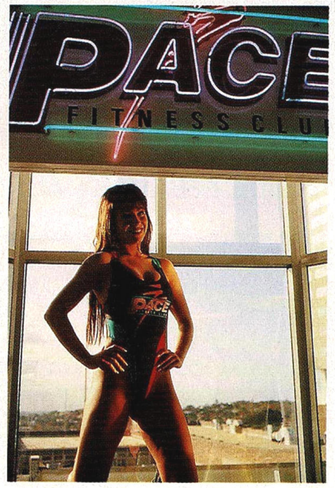
The winner of the *Penthouse* Reader Research Prize was M. Jennings of Glen Waverly, Victoria. The winner of the Ten High competition featured in the August edition of *Australian Penthouse* was R. Kinsella, Harbord, NSW. The runners-up were: R. Harkness, Lochinvar, NSW; G. Lubcke, Bridgewater, SA; S. Bacuilaitis, Wayville, SA; P. Buys, Wellington Point, Qld; H. Mallouk, Grange, Qld; T. Hulbert, Tully, Qld; G. Newtown, Puckapunyal, Vic; M. Gilbey, Nowra, NSW; B. Cowley, Berkley Vale, NSW; H. Laurie, Coffs Harbour, NSW; G.Llyod, Five Dock, NSW; A. Smith, Ingleburn, NSW; H. Young, Moree, NSW; D. Court, Burwood, NSW; S. Mandric, Kiama, NSW; P. Rankin, Penrith, NSW; D. Powell, Newcastle, NSW; M. Aldridge, Gunnedah, NSW; M. Sanders, Riverton, WA; R. Bird, Darwin, NT; M. Copeland, Albion Park, NSW; S. Mills, Kedron, Qld; A. Watson, Mosman, Qld; A. Blackshaw, Toowoomba, Qld; J. Hayes, Pomborneit, Vic; D. Smith, Boronia, Vic, T. Karatzikos, Carlton, Vic; A. Fowler, Summer Hill, NSW; D. Orine, Condor, ACT; D. Martin, Clayton, Vic.

Satin Dreams

The sensation of slipping into the soft embrace of cool satin has to be felt to be believed. Now Satin Affairs gives you a chance to endow a special friend with this unique experience. Elegantly packaged, the Satin Affairs range of bed linen includes plain and ruffled pillowcases, sheet sets and valances at prices to suit every pocket. And who knows, maybe if you ask nicely your friend will let you try them out. Available from most good department stores.

earth watch

To do its bit for our ailing environment, Swatch has introduced the "Time to Move" watch. The watch was specifically produced to support UN environmental initiatives. For every watch bought, ten dollars of the $115 purchase price will be donated towards this worthwhile cause. Available from most good jewellery and department stores.



SETTING THE PACE

Pace Gym in Bondi Junction, Sydney, is setting new standards in fitness training. Realising that fitness-orientated people are searching for innovative ways to keep in shape, Pace Gym has incorporated dance training, white-collar boxing and drama classes into their repertoire of fitness training. And for more traditional tastes, Pace offers weights, aerobics and cardiovascular training. To find out more call the gym on (02) 369 3033.

Pet Of The Month, Melissa Burrows

INSIDE FEBRUARY AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

Pet Of The Month — Melissa Burrows is a platinum-blonde 19-year-old from the Gold Coast with a more than generous helping of movie star glamour about her. Check out this aspiring actress's breathtaking debut in next month's issue of *Australian Penthouse*.

Male Rape — Our society believes only women get raped. Wrong — heterosexual Australian men rape other men with alarming regularity and horrifying brutality. Next month's issue of Australia's leading men's magazine examines the widespread and silenty endured crime of male rape.

The Capper Chronicles — Warwick Capper was born with the talent to leap high. His spectacular marks for the Sydney Swans helped him to kick 103 goals in the 1987 season and earned him a six-figure annual income. But in the 1990s, Capper has fallen out of the sky, last season playing for paltry match payments with the Southport Sharks. Next month's *Penthouse* profiles the former champion who it seems is now just marking time.

Nightlife — Before the emergence of Bangkok and Manila, Saigon was one of Asia's most notorious Sin Cities. After a prolonged war in Vietnam, the Communist victors closed the country to tourists, but three years ago the doors were opened again. In February *Australian Penthouse* we go partying in Saigon and find that the city is still very much alive.

Continued from page 21

Webster has also guest-driven the Navara, this time at tricky Lakeside Raceway, Brisbane. So enthused was Webster that he immediately went off seeking a budget and a manufacturer so that he might continue truckin' on. Siddle, too, has faith in the future of sports ute racing. "It'll take off," he declares in his trust-me tones. "The manufacturers want it, the spectators lap it up, and it's more affordable than most racing categories."

How affordable? In the case of most of the utes, the retail prices are around $16,000 but the manufacturers tend to lop off a few bucks to encourage serious would-be racers to get involved. Around another $5000 for the performance bits and obligatory safety gear and a sports ute is rearing to go. Twenty grand for a racer is a comparative steal.

The next stop for the participants is to force the creation of a Manufacturers' Cup, a national series which would put the seal on the success of the embrionic category and attract the loitering Mitsubishi and others into the fray.

Nissan Navara driver Rooklyn, who has bade *bon voyage* to yachting in favour of motor sport, is another believer in sports utes.

Despite his purist background in Formula Ford, European Formula Three and Barber-Saab racing in the United States, Rooklyn insists the utes are a giggle to drive, and surprisingly competent as race machines.

The modified exhaust gives Rooklyn's Navara a becoming sport growl and he says the overhead cam, 12-valve engine spins easily to the 6500rpm redline. The ute readily tops the old ton mark.

It's only when the driver has to knock off plenty of speed in a hurry that the ute, with all its weight over the front wheels, gets a bit tail twitchy. "It keeps you focussed," laughs Rooklyn, who is looking forward to the challenge of racing works-supported teams from all the other major manufacturers.

He also expects the new class will pull some motor sporting newcomers wanting to break into the sport at an affordable, fun level.

"Costs are low, with the added bonus of being able to race your ute on Sunday and then take it to work on Monday.

"And that opens up all kinds of potential sponsorship and commercial considerations." Let me see now — Yakka, Knebel Kitchens, Monier, Hardiplank, AV Jennings. — *Peter McKay*

AN OPEN AND SHUT CASE.

What makes the exciting new Suzuki Across the choice four-stroke quarter litre urban sports machine?

Maybe it's the unique weather proof lockable storage compartment that holds a full-face helmet and has a thousand other uses in a big city.

Then again, maybe there's more to it.

We think its four-cylinder liquid-cooled engine plays a big part. It makes the most power in the class and runs smoother than anything else. We know it produces the biggest fun quotient.

It could also have to do with the physical size of the Across. This is not your "typical" 250cc machine. It's a comfortable full-size road bike with stunning big bike looks and feel.

All these things make Suzuki's radical new Across the choice of the class.

But the storage compartment makes it an open and shut case.

Remote-operated fuel filler cap.

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Suzuki supports the Federal Government's "Ride It Right" Campaign.
● Please read your Owner's Manual carefully ● Always wear a helmet, eye protection and protective clothing ● Enjoy riding safely.

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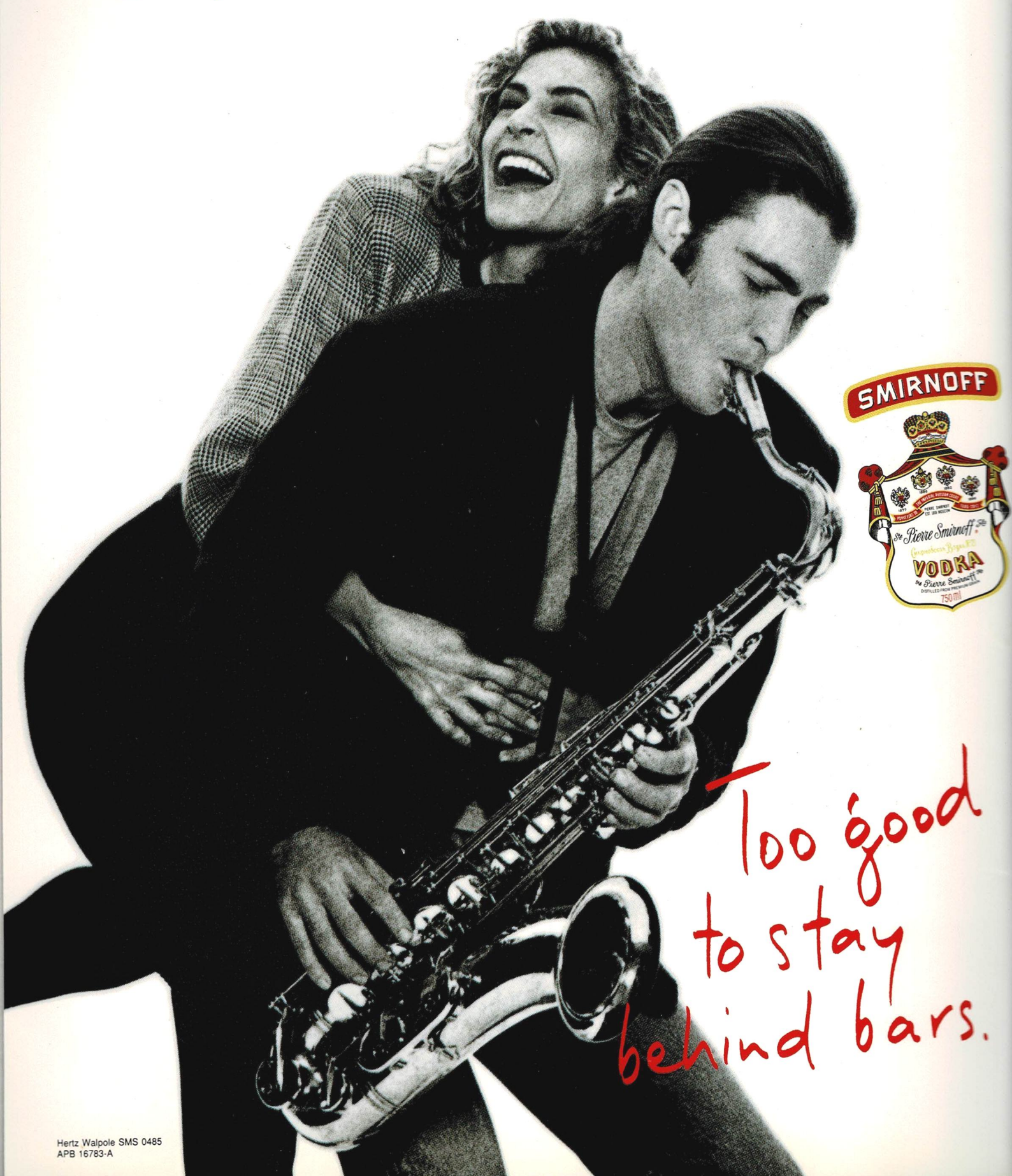

Too good to stay behind bars.

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